The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1914.

Summary of the News

The outstanding events in the European war during the past week have been the advance of the German armies in Belgium and the crossing of the eastern frontier of Germany by Russian troops. A more detailed account of these movements will be found on page 243.

On Sunday, failing to receive a reply to her ultimatum to Germany demanding the surrender of Kiao-chau, Japan declared war on Germany, and on Monday it was reported that the fleet had commenced shelling Tsing-tau, the fortified seaport of Kiao-chau. A message from the Kaiser to the garrison of Tsing-tau called on them to defend the place to the uttermost. It is reported that British, French, and Russian war vessels have joined with the Japanese in the blockade, and that British regiments have been ordered to co-operate with the Japanese on land.

Until war was actually declared, it was thought that Germany might seek to compromise the situation by ceding Kiao-chau directly to China, the United States acting as mediator in the matter and accepting the concession from Germany on behalf of China. China is said to have made tentative inquiries of the United States as to what its attitude towards such a proposal would be, but it is understood that the Administration refused to be a party to any arrangement of the kind except with the consent of both England and Japan. On Friday of last week a formal declaration of the policy of the United States was given to Japan. The Government asserted its intention of maintaining absolute neutrality, and at the same time put on record its understanding of the matter as being: that Japan's purpose was not to seek territorial aggrandizement in China; that the territory of Kiao-chau would be restored to China, and that Japan would act only in accordance with the terms of the Anglo-Japanese alliance; that in case of serious disturbances in the interior of China Japan would consult the United States before taking any steps beyond the boundaries of the territory of Kiao-chau.

Japan has been the only country, not already engaged, to enter the general war during the past week. Turkey and Bulgaria both made reassertion of their neutrality on August 19. Sweden has mobilized for the purpose of defending her neutrality, if necessary, and all parties are said to be united in favor of the extension of compulsory military service to two years. There has been much speculation as to the course that Italy would pursue, and reports have been current of mobilization. These reports, however, were denied in a dispatch to the London *Times* on Tuesday, which stated that Signor Salandra, the Italian Premier, had assured a committee of Deputies that no mobilization was imminent, and that if it did occur later it would not mean the abandonment of Italian neutrality.

The following nominations to Federal appointments were officially announced last week: James C. McReynolds, Attorney-General of the United States, to fill the vacancy in the United States Supreme Court caused by the death of Justice Lurton; Thomas Watt Gregory, of Texas, to be Attorney-General in succession to Mr. McReynolds; Frederic C. Howe, Director of the People's Institute, to be Commissioner of Immigration at New York.

The Administration bill introduced last week to insure American vessels and cargoes against risks of war was passed by the Senate on Friday and referred to the House. The bill provides for the creation of a Bureau of War Risks in the Treasury Department, and carries an appropriation of $5,000,000. The act may be suspended by the President whenever in his judgment the necessity for it shall have ceased to exist.

The Jones bill for Philippine independence was favorably reported to the House by the Insular Affairs Committee on August 20. Representative Jones, of Virginia, its author, announced his intention of pressing it during the present session of Congress.

The Administration bill proposing the creation of a $10,000,000 corporation, in which the Government shall be the majority stockholder, to purchase and operate ships in the foreign service, was introduced in the House on Monday by Representative Alexander, of Missouri, chairman of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. A considerable amount of opposition to the bill has been expressed, and we state elsewhere our objections to the proposal. The measure, however, enjoys the support of the Administration, and the President on Monday reiterated his intention of pressing the bill to a final passage without modification of its essential features.

Efforts of Republicans and Democrats to come to an agreement concerning an adjournment of Congress in the near future have been abandoned as a result of the war. Chairman Simmons, of the Finance Committee, stated on Friday of last week that, inasmuch as Congress would have to be ready to meet any shortage in the revenue caused by the war, there could be no thought of adjourning at the present time.

According to a preliminary report published on Monday by the Commissioner of the Internal Revenue, receipts from that source were larger for the fiscal year 1914 than in any previous year. From all sources other than income and corporation tax, the amount was $308,627,619, less by $790,535 than the amount for the previous year. From the corporation and income tax, however, the amount collected was $71,381,275, or more than $36,000,000 in excess of the revenue collected from that source in 1913. The total internal revenue up to June 30 this year amounted to $380,008,894, or about $35,500,000 more than in the previous fiscal year.

As a result of investigations by the Federal grand juries throughout the country into the artificial raising of prices of foodstuffs it is thought that prosecutions may be ordered by the Department of Justice in certain cases. It is stated, however, that the moral effect of the investigations alone has already been beneficial in holding prices down.

News from Mexico continues to be of a reassuring character. Gen. Carranza made his formal entry into the capital on August 20, and appears to have been enthusiastically welcomed. In a short speech he justified the revolution, and declared that the Constitutionalist army must henceforth be regarded as the army of Mexico, the Federal army having "forfeited its mission." It is understood that the Administration is well satisfied with the aspect of affairs in Mexico and with the success of the policy of "watchful waiting." Recognition of the new Government, it is thought, will not be long delayed. At the time of writing, no statement has been made as to the withdrawal of United States forces from Vera Cruz. There have been the customary rumors of differences between Villa and Carranza, which President Wilson on Monday characterized as the work of "interested parties who would profit by intervention." Identification of certain of the "interested parties" should not be a matter of great difficulty. On Monday, also, Gen. Villa issued a statement affirming his desire for "the strictest morality in government," and for the elimination in the future of military dictators. Among the administrative acts of Gen. Carranza have been the annulment of an issue of $60,000,000 of 6 per cent. gold bonds, authorized during the Huerta régime, of which $10,000,000 was in circulation; the reduction of the stamp tax by 50 per cent., and the ousting of the diplomatic representatives of Huerta.

The Bank of England's statement for the week ending August 20 showed that the bank had gained $24,700,000 gold during the week. On the other hand, its rediscounts for other banks had increased in the week by $119,600,000, and the ratio of its banking reserve to its liabilities was 15¾ per cent., as against 17⅛ and 14⅝ for the two preceding weeks, 40 per cent. at the end of July, and 58⅝ per cent. a year ago. In ordinary times the ratio of banking reserve to liabilities must be not less than 40 per cent.

His Holiness Pope Pius X died at 1:15 on the morning of August 20. The Pope had been ill for a week with bronchial catarrh, and his powers of resistance are said to have been impaired by anxiety concerning the European situation. His condition became critical on Sunday, August 16, and on the following Wednesday it was admitted that he was not expected to recover. Premature reports of the Pontiff's death were published in some of the evening papers on August 19. The Conclave for the election of the next Pope will begin on August 31.

The deaths of the week include: His Holiness Pope Pius X, Father Francis Xavier Wernz, S. J., August 20; the Right Rev. Mgr. Matthew A. Taylor, August 21; Edgar Thaddeus Welles, Judge David D. Shelby, August 22; John E. Lamb, August 23; ex-Gov. C. B. Jordan, August 24.

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The Week

By chance there reach us at nearly the same moment three publications that seem almost sardonically timed. One of them is a pamphlet, "General Peace Treaties of 1914." Another is the latest report on the status of the movement for settlement of international disputes before a judicial tribunal. The third is entitled "The Churches of Christ in America and International Peace." It is a compilation that was to have been presented at the Church Peace Conference in Constance, Germany, August 2, 1914! What Germany was conferring about on that date, we do not need to say. The question is, however, whether what has occurred to make all these agencies working for peace seem so futile should be thought of as the deliberate and permanent attitude of civilization, or only a passing madness. On this point there can be little doubt. The organic thing, the enduring thing, is the upbuilding of the world by peaceful methods. War is cataclysmic, cutting athwart, for the time being, the whole normal course of the evolution of society, but bound to be pushed aside by the main movement of humanity.

What were the actual steps in the formation of public opinion in this country concerning the war? In the beginning there was no anti-German prejudice whatever. On the contrary, there was every hope that the Kaiser, on his return from the North Sea, would do all within his power to modify the ferocious attitude of Austria towards Servia. Above all, was there something like a strong American confidence, when it was known that England had appealed to the Emperor William to join in a general European Congress to prevent a war, that he would rise to the great opportunity. It was his refusal of Sir Edward Grey's appeal that first shook American faith in him and began to arouse suspicion. Little by little we became aware that he was all along privy to Austria's move so recklessly endangering the peace of Europe; that he blithely took the terrible chance of provoking Russia; and we noted the signs that the war party in Berlin, with the cry of "Now or never," was getting the upper hand. After that came the abrupt ultimatum to Russia and to France; and then it was no longer possible to prevent American sentiment from swinging very sharply against the course of the German Government. People here did not say, because they could not be sure, that the Kaiser really sought and caused the war; but they did affirm that he had it easily in his power to avert the war, and that he failed to do it. The proof of this was fully before them, and it is irrefragable.

Many of the reproaches addressed to Americans by their neighbors of German birth, natural as they are, even while unjustifiably bitter, are really an affront to our intelligence. It is assumed that we know nothing, and that they know everything. They should remember that the same evidence which was under their eyes was under ours. Americans can read. They know the just inference to be drawn from a given state of facts. They know how to discriminate in their admirations. No praise is too high for them of the Germany of science, of wonderful industrial organization, of commercial triumphs, of well-ordered municipal government; but between all this and the Germany of militarist infatuation, Americans are able to make a clear distinction. And it is a violation neither of neutrality nor of fair play nor of sound reasoning, if we in this country believe and maintain that it has been the prostration of the German intellect and conscience, all these years, before the foul idol of militarism that has at last opened the way for the rulers of Germany to put all her splendid civilization to the desperate hazard of war.

The spectacle of the Kaiser's fleet, held captive under the guns of Heligoland and Wilhelmshaven, while German commerce has been clean swept from the seas, recalls the happy phrases in which militarism is accustomed to clothe its designs. Swollen armaments on land were never intended for aggression, but for self-defence against unjust attack. So Germany's ambitious plans of naval expansion were only intended for the defence of Germany's vast sea-borne commerce. Pointing to the marvellous expansion of German trade, it seemed reasonable for the Kaiser's Ministers to argue that for every score of merchant ships launched from German dockyards there must be so many cruisers launched for the protection of the trading ships. It was an argument based on warfare conditions before the age of wireless and cable, even before the age of steam. When nations were at war at the beginning of the nineteenth century, merchant ships were out of touch with land for months, and voyaged under convoy. A protecting cruiser was then of real use. Great Britain might prey upon German ships in the South Atlantic, and German cruisers might have their way in the China seas or, for that matter, in adjoining stretches within the same sea. Control of the seas was then, as far as commerce was concerned, only partial control of the seas. The beaten nation could always save a bit from the wreck.

But how is it to-day when naval powers at war do not fling their battle-line across the hemispheres, but concentrate their biggest fighting ships for a single decisive test? Germany to-day is as powerless to protect her commerce as China is to protect hers, because she can spare nothing from her main concentration for operations elsewhere. A few random cruisers may be afloat in distant waters, but that is because there was no time to call them home. And these isolated units are of virtually no use, because wireless and high speed can always bring together against them the roving ships of an enemy who is superior in strength. As a defender of commerce, Germany's navy could not hope to be effective unless it was strong enough to beat the assembled fleets of Great Britain in a set battle. War on land or sea to-day is not affected by scattered victories or defeats. The account is balanced at the end when the decisive test has been made. The hundreds of millions' worth of German shipping taken by the British will be of little avail to them if the Kaiser's North Sea fleet should destroy the British fleet. Germany's navy, like all navies, was built, not for the protection of commerce, but in the hope that it might be brought to an equality with England's fighting navy. And just as land armaments for defence brought about the present catastrophe on land, so her navy for the protection of commerce only brought Germany into collision with England.

The American people is not terrified by the Slavonic bogey. We do not concede that Germany, Austria, or any other Western Power is charged with the responsibility of defeating Slavonic aspiration to national form and expression. Not peril, but safety, comes of achieved nationality. Italy, distraught and divided, Germany, a thing of shreds and patches, Ireland, thwarted and discordant, Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, Finland, and Bosnia, wrenched from their congenial associations—these, by reason of their inner instability, threaten the peace and happiness of Europe. It has proved difficult enough for powerful nations to Romanize, Anglicize, Germanize, or exterminate scattered and uncultivated populations; small areas detached from organized civilizations have proved entirely indigestible. Germany

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has not digested either Poland or Alsace; England is confessing its inability to assimilate Ireland. The Russianization of the non-Slavonic Europe is an utter impossibility, even if there were the least danger of its being attempted.

If national aspiration is something to be heeded as legitimate and wholesome, the race that aspires to unity must by the same token respect the unity of other states and nations. If the Teuton accepts and welcomes the integrity of a Slavonic state, precisely the same principle protects him from arbitrary aggression. The conduct of Germany is resented because, having gloriously vindicated her own nationality, she has in these latter days been content to play the part that Austria played in Italy and in Germany itself. America refuses to believe that if the achievement of Teutonic nationality is a blessing, the recognition of Slavonic self-consciousness is a crime. German diplomacy attached itself to an obsolete and impossible object when it undertook blindly to sustain Austria in its historic obstructive rôle. It discredited its own spirit when it permitted the annexation of an unwilling Bosnia and sanctioned the attempted humiliation of Servia. Would not an enlightened and modern diplomacy seek rather to discern and to work with the significant and permanent currents of feeling that have expressed themselves in modern Italy and modern Germany? Assuredly this were a nobler and more fruitful task than that of vainly endeavoring to snatch unnatural and perishable advantages such as go with the annexation of a sullen and alien people. The most enduring fame of Lord John Russell resulted from the steps he took to make a united Italy possible. Not until the diplomats of the Continent conceive their function along similar lines will the nations of Europe lay aside their fatal jealousies.

The map of Europe will show changes at the conclusion of the present struggle, but those experts are precipitate who are already drawing maps of a new Poland and snipping off the Austro-Hungarian map on the one hand, or drawing a Germanic Empire from the English Channel to the Adriatic on the other. Territorial changes in Europe cannot quantitatively measure the triumph of the Triple Entente or of the Kaiser. Where vast changes, measured in square miles, will take place is outside of Europe, and particularly in Africa. In this connection it is well to recall that in the diplomatic interchanges between Sir Edward Grey and the German Chancellor the latter was willing to grant as the price of British neutrality a promise that the territorial integrity of France would be respected, but that he would make no pledges with regard to the French colonies. France has a colonial empire of four and three-quarter million square miles, with a native population of more than forty millions, more than nine-tenths of it in Africa. Germany's colonies are more than a million square miles, with a population of 14,000,000, nine-tenths of it in Africa. Little Belgium has the Congo, a solid empire of 900,000 square miles, rich in natural resources, with a population of 15,000,000. Should the Netherlands be drawn into the vortex, she has her rich East Indian colonies at stake, 736,000 square miles, with a population of 38,000,000. And even Portugal, whose announcement of fidelity to the British alliance must have been read by many with a smile, has thereby thrown into the ring nearly 800,000 square miles of African territory with a population of nearly ten millions.

While the vigorous efforts of Senator Hoke Smith to further the Ship Registry bill and to obtain financial measures for carrying the cotton surplus may have contributed to his renomination over ex-Gov. Brown of Georgia, the result is rightly hailed as a general Administration victory. If there is any point at which ex-Gov. Brown and his ally, Tom Watson, have not attacked President Wilson's character and policies, it would be hard to find. They have taken advantage of the popularity of Underwood's stand to assail Senator Smith's vote for the repeal of the Panama tolls exemption. Watson has asserted that the Administration's Tariff bill is worse than the Payne-Aldrich measure, while the ex-Governor is a notorious protectionist. Both were until recently very bitter opponents of the country's Mexican policy. The most virulent allegations, however, have been that the Federal patronage has been distributed only among friends of Wilson. Appeals to race prejudice have also been made on the ground that a negro or two have been appointed to Federal office in the District of Columbia. Ex-Gov. Brown has heretofore had a reputation for invincibility in the State; his decisive defeat—125 out of 148 counties are reported against him—should be very gratifying at Washington.

In the approaching elections, State and Congressional, are the forces of evil destined to score a victory over the forces of progress—and particularly the forces of Progressivism—under the cover of European military operations? With the American people intensely absorbed in the news from European battlefields, can they be roused to the necessary vigilance against the political bosses which is the price of liberty? It is hard to imagine a Progressive campaign without an enormous publicity. But with Roosevelt relegated to the inside pages the task of rousing the public conscience becomes a formidable one, whereas the forces of reaction working in their favorite medium of silence and darkness can intrench themselves for the struggle. Shut off from access to the public ear, the Colonel is also deprived of his great issue as against the Administration—namely, that he is the man who does things, while Mr. Wilson is the schoolmaster who theorizes about things. Mexico was a hard enough blow for Mr. Roosevelt in this respect, but harder still is it to have Mr. Wilson engaged on the vast practical issues arising from the war—the upbuilding of an American mercantile marine, the conquest of new markets, the safeguarding of our financial system. As between Mr. Wilson and his most prominent critic it is not difficult to decide now who the man is that is doing things.

Last year's fiscal figures, now complete, are a poor basis for the reading of protectionist sermons. There have been new attacks on the Underwood bill apropos of the restoration of the old wall by war, but common-sense consideration of the facts will frighten no one. Almost seven-eighths of the increase in importations, or $69,000,000, was in foodstuffs. The total increase was $80,000,000, or 4 per cent., which does not seem abnormal when it is considered that the round increase in the year ending June 30, 1913, had been $160,000,000, and in 1912 had been $96,000,000. Exports fell off $101,000,000, or to about $2,365,000,000; but even then they were almost $160,000,000 more than in 1912, the last full Republican year. The whole set of figures is much what was to be expected of a period in which business conditions were disturbed from China to Peru, and in which high-tariff Canada suffered even more than low-tariff United States. Protectionists will probably try to make the most of the new influx of manufactured goods. Yet the importation of partly manufactured goods declined $30,000,000, and that of goods ready for consumption increased but $40,000,000.

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The Republican Convention that adjourned at Saratoga on Wednesday of last week presented an odd mixture of new and old politics. In its endorsement of the short ballot, as in its reaffirmation of the principle that the Southern representation at national Republican conventions should be reduced, it exemplified the present-day willingness to make radical changes in traditional methods of political procedure. On the other hand, in its wholesale denunciation of Democratic policies in State and nation, it was as old-time as any of its predecessors. Unique features it did not lack. One of these was its "unofficial" character, despite which the struggle over the platform was as determined as the most official convention could boast. Another was the fact that it confined its energies to platform-making, as if there were no such thing as a candidate outside the realm of the imagination. And, finally, it made official provision for similar "unofficial" conventions in Gubernatorial years. Could political paradox go further?

By the successful revolt of the Progressives against Mr. Roosevelt's dictation of the nomination of Hinman for Governor of New York, a severe blow has been dealt the Colonel's reputation. We do not mean merely his prestige as a political leader. This is obviously pretty badly damaged when his own followers refuse to follow him. But it is Col. Roosevelt's luck which now seems to have failed him, and that is more serious. He no longer seems to have the fortunate touch. His selection of Hinman seemed at the time a brilliant stroke. It appeared to dish Whitman at the same time that it enabled the Progressives to get in out of the wet. Of course, Mr. Roosevelt put it all on high moral grounds. He certified to Hinman's fine and high character, and declared that he himself would vote for so noble a man and so stout an enemy of the bosses, even if another Progressive stood for the Governorship in the party primary. But now he angrily throws Hinman over. Why? Plainly, because the "deal" which was attempted has failed. Progressives complain bitterly of Hinman's wooing of the Republicans at Saratoga. But, poor man, that was part of his bargain with Roosevelt. If he couldn't get the Republican nomination, he was of no use to the Colonel. And so that little game is played out. Now we have it from Oyster Bay that fusion is anathema, and that there must be a straightout Progressive ticket. But the Colonel will not head it. Not he! He is still of the mind that the "numerical" argument against his party is too strong for the moral argument in its behalf. Somebody else must be put up for sacrifice, and then a tremendous fight made in every district of the State "against the bosses." The leaders well know, however, that the more terrifically the Progressives fight for their own party, the better chance they give to the bosses.

New York's first hunger-striker has surrendered. She has permitted her friends to give a bond that she will keep the peace —a course which was open to her from the beginning of her trial, but which she defiantly affirmed that she would never agree to. Miss Edelson was to go to jail only to starve her way out again, and bring the authorities into contempt. But the will of this woman encountered that of another, Commissioner Davis. Moreover, it was a contest of brains, as well as of will-power, and Miss Davis showed that she knew exactly how to bring the obstreperous I. W. W. sensation-seeker to terms. By shutting off absolutely all press reports concerning Miss Edelson while in confinement she deprived that lady of what she hungered for much more than for food—that is, notoriety, exploiting in the newspapers. It is one thing to go on a hunger strike in jail with the reporters hanging on your every act and word, but a very different affair to be left to be your own heroine in secret and in silence.

That a business administration for the city of Dayton does not mean a dehumanized régime is attested by City Manager H. M. Waite's report for the first six months. Adequate health service, free clinics, and pure milk stations have cut the death-rate of babies exactly in two. Two large parks have been opened to the public, with bathing, boating, and other facilities. Loan sharks have been sharply followed up, and a legal aid bureau established for giving free advice to the poor. A high-class symphony programme has been arranged for the coming winter, and half the season tickets sold. A civic plan board has been appointed, and sewer and water systems have been outlined on the calculation that Dayton's 125,000 will be 200,000 by 1934. There is also a list of savings, from $20,000 in the purchase of supplies and $12,000 on a single bridge to $1,700 in the collection of dead animals. It will be a short-sighted citizen who, if all the claims advanced by the city manager and certified to by the Bureau of Research are true, does not see in many payments from the city treasury a genuine public saving. The Bureau reports that the year will see the old deficit of $125,000 "reduced rather than added to."

Gen. Carranza's entrance into Mexico City last Thursday was the occasion of a popular demonstration, with cheering crowds, saluting cannon, and school-children singing a hymn entitled "Union and Liberty." For the moment, any rumors of Zapatist disaffection southwards, or on the part of Villa in the north, were stilled, and the First Chief's address dealt almost exclusively with policies of reconstruction. Among the many anti-Constitutionalist theories that are now stultified, it is clear that one of the silliest concerned the character of Carranza. The omniscient asserted that he was a mere benignant figurehead, who would be thrown aside whenever Villa chose to emerge; that he might himself think he was directing the revolution, but that the ruthless field-leader would become the fit successor of Huerta. Yet Carranza now has his hand firmly on the helm, and can boast that he gained his position with every regard to "the national dignity and honor." He is favorably placed to use the great opportunities before him, and there is a rising Mexican confidence in his ability. In reviewing his choice of Mexican leaders as on so many other points, President Wilson may smile to think that it was once a merry jest to ask what his Mexican policy was!

The third American city is no longer Philadelphia, but Buenos Ayres. According to its corrected census, the South American metropolis now has a population of 1,700,000. Forty-five years ago, when the first census was taken, the population numbered 177,000. This record of growth may do more to interest us, not only in Argentina, but also in the South American republics in general, than anything in the way of commercial opportunities has yet been able to do. In some respects Buenos Ayres is better than third among cities of the Western Hemisphere, as in tonnage and value of foreign commerce, in which she is second only to New York. That she possesses the finest theatre on either Continent, as well as the best-appointed newspaper plant and the most artistic street, is a fact that we shall still be slow to recognize. But when we read the statement, "Buenos Ayres is to have another subway," we are compelled to admit that there is an American spirit of enterprise in the South American capital.

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THE HEART OF THE "WHITE PAPERS."

There have now been placed before the American public the White Paper containing the entire correspondence between Sir Edward Grey and the diplomatic representatives of Great Britain relating to the situation which culminated in the war, and also the official statement of the German Foreign Office upon that situation. To say that from these two documents it is possible to determine, in the largest and deepest sense, where lies the responsibility for the plunging of Europe into the fearful struggle now raging would be going too far. But it is not going too far to say that these papers suffice to settle that question beyond a doubt in the narrower and more obvious sense in which it is generally understood in current controversy. And they suffice because, without questioning either the trustworthiness or the completeness of either showing, one is led by both to the same conclusion.

The crux of the whole matter lies in the question whether Germany was or was not responsible for the extraordinary harshness and inflexibility of Austria's demand upon Servia, and for her refusal to budge from that feature of it which reduced almost to zero the possibility of all peace-making efforts on the part of other Powers—the rigorous time-limit of two days. To this question there can be but one answer. It is not necessary to challenge, for this purpose, the truthfulness of the assertion made by the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs that he knew nothing about the terms of the Austrian ultimatum until it was issued, for Austria had been assured in advance that whatever those terms might be, Germany would back her up in their enforcement. "We were able to assure our ally most heartily," says the German official statement, "of our agreement with her view of the situation, and to assure her that *any action* that she might consider it necessary to take in order to put an end to the movement in Servia directed against the existence of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy would receive our approval." That the words we have put in italics were intended to give Austria warrant for action as provocative as that which she actually took—that there was not in the German anticipatory endorsement of such action the slightest reservation or warning in the interest of the peace of Europe—is evident not only from the absence of any hint of such reservation in the German paper, but also from the sentence immediately following the one just quoted: "We were fully aware in this connection that warlike moves on the part of Austria-Hungary against Servia would bring Russia into the question, and might draw us into a war in accordance with our duties as an ally." Not a word to suggest the hope or desire that such a collision might be avoided if possible; on the contrary, everything to indicate that the contingency was one to be expected as a natural consequence of Austria's move.

So far, then, from the German statement furnishing any modification of the judgment compelled by a perusal of the British diplomatic correspondence, it supplies the one thing needful for the absolute confirmation of that judgment. In the dispatches that passed between Sir Edward Grey and the representatives of England at the Continental capitals, there appears, from first to last, one unvaried and insistent note. Every effort is bent upon the endeavor to bring about some relaxation—any relaxation that might be managed, any relaxation that the German Government might be willing to second, or might choose to propose—of the ominous tension that had been produced instantly, and produced inevitably, by Austria's imperious demand. That this effort was not seconded by Germany is the conclusion that every one must draw from the correspondence; a conclusion all the more authorized because it is not impressed by any argument, or even any statement to that effect, but emerges in the reader's mind spontaneously and pervasively throughout the whole course of the communications. Yet, in the nature of things, there remained the possibility that a German presentation of the case might put a different face on the matter. This possibility is now removed; and the world knows, beyond peradventure, that the endeavor to find some composition of the trouble which might have averted the most gigantic of human wars was frustrated through the refusal of Germany to take part in that endeavor.

There is, indeed, one standpoint from which it is possible to place upon Russia the responsibility for having brought on the war; and this is, in point of fact, Germany's standpoint. There was one condition upon which Germany was willing to act with the peacemakers—namely, that Russia should permit Austria to deal with Servia as she pleased, subject only to the extremely tenuous and ambiguous assurance that the Slavic kingdom was to suffer no loss of territory. In the light of what had happened to Bosnia and Herzegovina, and especially in the light of what Germany had done to prevent any interference by Russia with the consummation of that happening, it was manifestly impossible for Russia to accept this condition without abdicating her place as a Power to be reckoned with in those international relations which most nearly concern her. "We gave Austria an entirely free hand in her action against Servia," says the German statement; and Germany's attempts to preserve the peace of Europe, if she may be said to have made any at all, must be dismissed as a nullity, since they were rigidly circumscribed by the impossible requirement that Russia, too, should give Austria "an entirely free hand in her action against Servia." Not the concession of all that Servia could concede without unheard-of humiliation; not her offer to submit what remained to international arbitration; not Sir Edward Grey's anxious and persistent pleading for the interposition of some kind of stay of sentence—none of these things moved Germany to change by a hair's breadth her attitude of giving Austria "an entirely free hand," whatever might befall the world in consequence.

If Germany is to be absolved from the charge of having brought this war upon the world, it must be upon wholly different grounds from any that relate to the transactions of the fateful days of the last week of July. And in their hearts, the Germans themselves can hardly think otherwise. In almost every serious defence of their country's course, there follows close upon the heels of any contention that Germany sought to avoid war the assertion that the war was unavoidable—and unavoidable because the conditions with which Germany was surrounded were incompatible with the national development to which she justly aspired. Into the merits of that contention we cannot undertake to enter; but the more profoundly this conviction is held by the exponents of the German cause, the hollower is the ring of their argument on the immediate question of responsibility for the awful ordeal of blood and fire and misery into which Europe has been plunged. The more completely they believe that their national future required that this agony should be laid upon themselves and upon all the peoples of the world, the more probable it appears that the one question which controlled the course of the Kaiser and his Ministers was the question of military opportunity; and what is thus rendered probable *a priori* is made certain *a posteriori* from the published documents—the German statement as well as the British correspondence.

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STRETCHING THE POWERS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

We are all familiar with the extension of governmental powers in war time. Our own Civil War saw this on a great scale. The war-powers of the President are, as Rutherford B. Hayes once remarked after he had left the Presidency, a vague but vast deposit, of which no one can see the extent. To save the Union, Lincoln did many things which found their justification, not in law or Constitution, but in military necessity. At such a time, political theories and legal doctrines go by the board. The sole question is whether, after the exigencies of war have passed, the Government machine may be got back to its old working. This is admittedly difficult—almost impossible. The Civil War permanently changed, for good or ill, the American conception of the scope of our Government.

What we are seeing at Washington today, however, is an enlargement of the functions of Government in consequence of war, but not our own war! In this lies the novelty. The Administration is acting, and is proposing legislation, very much as if the clash of arms on our own territory compelled it to resort to exceptional measures. The historically minded might find a precedent for Mr. Wilson in the course of Jefferson, who took advantage of the war in Europe to make the momentous purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon. This was, of course, dead against Jefferson's theory of the Constitution. President Wilson may not be going counter to any of his own views about the limits of Federal power. He has given many signs of being a thorough believer in a strong Government. A few days ago, he quietly said to a delegation of anxious business men that they would find that the Government had ample powers to meet the emergency thrust upon us by the European war. And it is apparently on this assumption that he has urged one step after another—the voting of money for the rescue and relief of American tourists, aid of the banks, amendment of the shipping laws, Government insurance of war risks, and, finally, the buying of ships by the Government to end the congestion of our export trade. The whole makes an impressive exhibit of energy and resource, but also, it must be confessed, it is applying the powers of the Government in ways scarcely dreamed of before.

But what of the underlying doctrines? What of consistency with our past? We suppose that the President is not troubling himself with such questions. He would doubtless say that it is a condition, not a theory, which confronts him; that a great crisis is forced upon the country; and that his duty is simply to study the facts, work out a course of conduct in accordance with them, and let Constitutional theory go hang. This is usually the excuse of a man of action, as well as the defence set up for him by his friends. A good illustration is seen in the article on the late Joseph Chamberlain in the August *Fortnightly*. His public life brought him into paths going in opposite directions, apparently; and it is the effort of this apologist for him to explain his seeming inconsistencies by showing that he was intensely practical, that he took up each situation as it arose, grappled with all the facts, and then determined upon the thing to be done without caring whether it squared with his own past or was in harmony with the political principles to which he had given assent. This is a good working theory of a man who despised theories, but it has its weakness. The passionate devotee of "facts" must be mighty sure that he has got them right. Chamberlain believed in 1903 that the facts warranted him in going in for abandonment of English free trade. A contemporary comment, however, by the canny Campbell-Bannerman exposed the danger: "Don't be afraid of Chamberlain," he said to a group of alarmed Liberals; "he is certain to be all wrong about his facts."

If Washington appeals to the facts, to the facts let us go. It may be conceded that the question of the Government becoming ship-owner, for the time being, turns on matters of fact, but we must not omit to bring all the facts into the survey. What is the significance of the fact that private capital has thus far failed to come forward to buy the ships for sale? The inference is unavoidable that shrewd and careful men do not see their way through the business. Is the Government light-heartedly to incur losses from which they shrink? Can it do better than they in the working out of trade routes? Can it see the end of the experiment from the beginning more clearly than they? Then we need to know precisely the state of the case regarding the blockade of our grain and cotton exports. Is it being slowly broken? Can we now count upon disposing, after a little delay, of all we have to sell to England and the Continental nations—except Germany? And if it is a question of getting wheat and cotton into Germany, how can Government ships do it any better than private?

No one is more apt to fall into mistakes than your governmental Gradgrind who just dotes on facts. He has nothing but contempt for the "ideologue," yet he is himself one of the most arrant ideologues going. He has the idea that he knows it all. Yet the chief facts of all have a way of escaping his vision. He cannot see that a sound theory is itself a fact—the accumulated judgment of experience in regard to a whole set of facts—and that he will overlook it at his peril.

General principles may be thrown out of the window, but they infallibly come back by the door. And the very common feeling that the purchase of ships by the Government, at this juncture, would be a dangerous stretching of its functions, is only another way of expressing the fear that the advocates of the scheme have not taken all the facts into account.

THE DEAD POPE.

The common saying that the death of Pope Pius was hastened by the grief and profound dejection with which he was filled by the terrible war in Europe has at least the plausibility that it goes well with the known qualities of the man. Simplicity and unaffected goodness were his characteristic notes. A prelate after the mould of Victor Hugo's Bishop, raised to the headship of the Catholic Church, how could he fail to see in this loosing of infernal passions, not merely a denial of Christianity, but almost a negation of God? His last message to the Church was an exhortation to prayer that the warring nations might be brought to a better mind. It is said that he shut himself up to long hours of grieving meditation and prayer, so bowed and broken was his heart by the calamities wickedly spread over the whole of Europe. If all this, with his failing health, brought the end more quickly, who can wonder? It was a troubled world upon which a troubled Pope closed his eyes.

It was the engaging personal traits of Pius X which most impressed the imagination. In the extravagance of the first rush of mourning for him, some Catholics are speaking of him as one of the greatest of the Popes. Great in heart, certainly; but his reign will not be marked by the historian as one in which the statesmanship of the Vatican was at a high level. The kindly and benevolent old man, clinging with peasant-like affection to the society of his simple-hearted sisters, always displaying a child-like Christian faith, was a most at-

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tractive figure, and drew to himself the warm personal admiration of many non-Catholics; but his talents were not of the sort that make a commanding Pope. Indeed, his very goodness, the simple wholeheartedness with which he accepted the teachings of the Church, were a handicap to him in the large questions which he was compelled to face. Believing implicitly that all religious truth had been for all time defined, how could he help setting himself against the inquiring spirit which underlay the so-called Modernist movement within the Church? Holding without a single wavering doubt that the Catholic Church was a divinely established institution, it was not possible for him to look upon the Separatist agitation in France and Portugal, and even in Spain, with anything except horror. Hence it was that Pius X so often appeared as one deploring the degeneracy and the evils of his time. He was more of a weeping prophet than a lion-hearted leader.

Guglielmo Ferrero had in the *Atlantic* a couple of years ago an article surveying the function of the Papacy. He showed how rare a combination of qualities is necessary in a Pope able to rise to the discharge of his varied duties. The Pope must be not merely the Holy Father, director of the Church. He has to be a statesman as well. From his position, he is thrown into very critical relations with the Italian Government and the life and political movement of the Italian people. In addition, he is inevitably brought into touch with public affairs in many nations. Questions of the utmost complexity and delicacy—questions which in their nature have more to do with statecraft than religion—are all the time referred to the Vatican. Bound to be in touch with all these high matters, *urbe et orbe*, the really masterful Pope requires to be scholar, saint, and diplomatist in one. Leo XIII unquestionably came nearer filling the arduous rôle than any of his predecessors for a hundred years. This, we believe, was Ferrero's judgment. He made no reference to Pope Pius by name; but at the end of his article there was a passage which undoubtedly looked towards the late Pope. If it should ever be, wrote Ferrero, that the Church should have a Pope who remained in his impulses and in his outlook upon the world simply a parish priest, the majestic power of the Papacy could not fail to be impaired for the time being, and its grandeur temporarily eclipsed. And it cannot be denied that Pius X always had upon him the marks of the excellent parish priest. He sincerely shrank from being made Pope. His heart was always with his beloved Venetians. He did his utmost to uphold the dignity and to meet the exacting requirements of his sacred office; but, while no one ever questioned his sincerity, or the soul of goodness that was mirrored in his countenance, it has been obvious that the princes of the Church have not felt in him a leadership commensurate with the needs of the day in which he lived.

Speculation will be rife about his successor. Already we have the lists of possibilities. If a strong Pope can be found, he was never more needed than now. The vote may easily fall upon a Pope of more shining abilities than Pius X, but it would be impossible to elect one of sweeter nature or sincerer piety than his.

REPUBLICANISM IN EUROPE.

Among predictions bred by the present war, none has been more recurrent than that of a coming renascence of republicanism in Europe. The explanation is partly American patriotism, which unthinkingly concludes that the shock of ruin will teach eastern Europe the political truths we have long known. Partly it is a confounding of democracy with republicanism—for there will inevitably be democratic reactions; partly it is the persistence of an opinion prevalent in Europe itself during the French Revolution, that she would some day be a confederation of republics. But its main looseness is in confusing the crisis of 1914 with those of 1789 and 1848, and in failing to contrast the last three decades with the decades preceding those undeniably republican years.

It is the plainest of world-facts that European republicanism since 1880 has been at a standstill; losing ground in many lands, it has definitely gained it only in Portugal. The main causes are clear. One is the utter failure of the republic in Spain and its chequered course in France. With this has been contrasted the success of Bismarck's statesmanship in Germany. He found her poor, weak, and divided; with the Prussian kingship his chief lever, and affronting every liberal ideal of France and England, he lifted her to dominant wealth and power. The German mind of 1888 was completely altered from that of 1848, the idealistic days of Schurz and Kinkel; nor has it since changed. A second reason is the improved personal character of royalty in Europe. The era when our tradition of republicanism was fixed was the era of the four Georges, whom no reader of Thackeray can believe England ever loved. Carlyle's comparison of the national veneration for a royal prince in 1640 and 1840 is familiar. Yet Professor Fisher, of Oxford, remarking in his recent Lowell lectures at Harvard that "the joint influence of Queen Victoria and King Edward" had made "the monarchy stronger and more respected, its place in a democratic polity more settled," spoke for many Continental sovereigns as well. Republicanism, again, is felt out of place in world politics. Wide colonies respect a sovereign whom they can visualize; "if this was a republic," Mr. Balfour said of England, in 1910, "in my opinion the Empire would sink into chaos." Agencies of modern communication, the newspapers and cinema, have done increasingly much to make one man beloved by the divergent peoples of Austria and Russia. Finally, it was the feeling that the family relations of rulers made for peace that mainly induced Norway to elect a King, while Björnson pleaded for a republic.

But still more important considerations should be weighed against republicanism in even the worst upheavals that may befall the defeated half of Europe. Even the ignorant classes recognize to a significant extent that the exact form of the executive is no index of political or civil liberty. In England and perhaps in Scandinavia the popular will reacts more swiftly than in America. No Socialists count monarchy incompatible with political progress; and, while those of France have declared Socialism and republicanism synonymous, those of Germany, Austria, and Italy would sternly deny such a sentiment. Their object has been to make head against wealth and privilege, not against hereditary rulers. Democracy, which Macaulay once said would see Britain the nest of fishermen and owls, has thus partially captured the Reichstag; it obtained universal suffrage in Spain in 1890 and in Austria in 1907. It is too busy with Parliaments to look at Kings. And turning from the political aspect, the new urgency of social problems has tended in the same direction. Once the ruler was the symbol of inequality, extortion, and waste, and the seat of all social soreness. Now the expense of a court is a trifle in a budget; and Cobbett and Morris, Marx and Jaurès, would pronounce many problems—that of labor and capital but one of them—a hundred times more important than the form of the executive.

The result is that European republicanism on August 1 was not vital; and many of the reasons we have reviewed will be valid, or exist as prejudices, when the war is over.

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Some are marked for destruction. Royal ties are shown not half so effective for peace as popular government like France's or England's. The popular love for even a monarch like Wilhelm may turn to contempt and hatred. There is an excellent prospect that Germany, Austria, and Russia may be temporarily sick of their rulers' part in *Welt-Politik*. Tottering thrones which depend on the widely instilled sentiment that real democracy is possible without casting off old dynasties, may face a reaction of revolutionary fierceness. But the field is one for speculation, not prediction, and speculation, too, of a cautious kind.

THE AMERICAN HOLIDAY.

"To pursue pleasure while you pretend to hunt health is one of the oldest and happiest subterfuges of the holiday-maker." In writing these words for *Harper's Magazine*, Harrison Rhodes does not mean to limit their application to this country, and so we are not forced to the usual course of explaining that the inheritance of the Pilgrim Fathers is still strong upon us. Long before there were such developments as American holidays, it appears, this subterfuge was in brisk employment at Bath, and it has survived, as one of the especially fit and useful inventions of the race, down to our day. It does more than supply the initial justification for running away from one kind of routine to another. This, indeed, is its least valuable quality. Its real importance is quantitative, and lies in the recognized fact that the health-hunter needs not only distraction, but plenty of it. The less able he is to stand anything else the more he demands of diversion. The contrary is equally true. The more diversion the harassed health-hunter has, the less able he becomes to endure anything else. The only cure for too much diversion is more of it.

If we are like the rest of the world in disguising our motive for "resorting," are we like it also in the way in which we perform the act? The answer to this question must be both yes and no. At the beginning, with that respect for Old World customs which even the attainment of independence did not destroy, we, too, "took the waters" in good eighteenth-century style. White Sulphur Springs, Saratoga—are not these names part of our history, made such by a full half-century of romantic chapters that are among our proudest claims to the possession of our share of the picturesque? By them, at all events, the alien observer would not have been impelled to write upon the monotony of American life, being estopped, indeed, by our similarity to Europe. Naturally, it was the Southern Cavalier that first felt the urgent need. And so, whether the dignified Washington set the fashion, or some one less notable, it became the habit of gentlemen in Virginia and Maryland to suffer from a twinge in the toe that sent the whole family "to the Springs." Ambitious New Yorkers imitated them, even when the journey from the city to one of the most popular of these resorts took twenty days. Not until 1839 was there the prospect of cutting the time to three days.

To what heights of culture these places might attain is shown by the advice of the pseudonymous "M. Pencil," who suggested that visitors take along a volume of Charles Lamb for light summer reading. What would publishers of 1914 think of that? But it would be quite erroneous to leave an impression of plain living and high thinking in accordance with that type of advice. Good Bourbon whiskey has been known to be drunk in these health-centres, and, incredible as it seems, not in addition to the waters so ostentatiously sought, but instead of them! Poker was not unheard of, and, while engagements were arranged in numbers out of all proportion to the number of marriages that followed, the latter were sufficiently numerous to make some of the Springs, as the Old White, noted for this feature alone. It is even said that within a few decades purses were made up in little Southern towns for the purpose of sending likely maidens and youths, too, to the love-laden air of the Old White. Any one who threaded the mazes of its walks, bearing such significant labels as Lover's Rest, Courtship's Maze, and Acceptance Way to Paradise, and emerged unsnared, could have deserved no better fate.

This is one side, and the more agreeable, of the picture. Some of it is American enough, but on the whole it suggests the Older World. The more undeniably American scene is less attractive, and, *miserabile dictu*, has our own Saratoga as a horrible example. Mr. Rhodes is uncompromising about it. Saratoga, he says, never was exclusive; "it was always democratically good-natured, vulgarly tawdry, and extravagant. It was the classic reproach of visiting foreigners that its ladies wore diamond earrings in the daytime, and promenaded its sidewalks without hats, and in *décolleté* gowns." How much better are we to-day? "There is a deal of talk about how we nowadays live in the country like the English country gentleman. We don't." And we are reminded of the account of a great jewel robbery near a famous resort, in which was made the "astonishing disclosure" that a lady of the very highest fashion had been that evening entertaining at a "marshmallow roast." This shocks Mr. Rhodes, who mercilessly demands to know whether it is not better to be honest and admit that the real American vacation is largely devoted to candy. His figures allow of but one reply. We may take refuge, nevertheless, in his admission that, even at the older Saratoga, visiting foreigners as well as natives had a very good time, "in fact just that pleasant kind of welter of all the classes" at which we have always done so well. It is something that even in our holiday-making we do not forget our democracy.

OVERDOING LUCIDITY.

Hilaire Belloc has touched on the need of clearness in writing:

> Lucidity is the chief character of prose. Men write when they cannot speak. Men speak to be understood. . . .
>
> A German once said very wisely—though a little picturesquely—that by a sort of gravity our thoughts fell easily on to the paper and, against that gravity, rose with difficulty from the paper to the minds of our readers. All prose is made up of a sort of tiny translations from mind to mind, and only when the translations are very good have you lucidity.

No one can with justice contradict this. Yet the danger to the writer lies in making too much of it. Clearness, necessary as it is, should not be the single aim of prose.

That it is nowadays too frequently the chief ambition of the writer, is a fact to be faced. The absorbing passion for clearness is so rampant that it influences all forms of writing. Other qualities are sacrificed to it. But lucidity is a means to an end, not the end itself. It is something to be learned and then forgotten. The pianist, in the making, practices his scales and arpeggios; but when he gets to real music he should have some higher aim than merely to prevent his execution from being vague and smudgy. So the literary craftsman should make it part of his apprenticeship to say precisely what he means. But technical ways and means should be distinct from emotional effect.

One can hardly imagine Macaulay or Newman or Mill dipping his pen and saying to himself: "Now, above all else, I must be clear." Yet that is the effect given by much contemporary prose. It has become almost axiomatic that the average magazine reader is either unable or unwilling to think. Accordingly, too many authors assume that it

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is necessary to do his thinking for him. Amenities of style are abandoned in the task of clarification. Far more thought is expended on how to be clear than on what is to be clear. Facts are not merely set before the reader to be pondered; they are assembled and hurled at him in phalanxes. The same statement is repeated, re-repeated, turned inside out, served up as paradox, harped upon like a theme with variations. This passion for lucidity is partly responsible for the decline of the essay. The true essay, from Bacon to Stevenson, aimed at something besides making an impression like die-cutting. It sought rather to stimulate the reader, to guide him into pleasant pastures of thought, and lure him down inviting by-paths of individual reflection. But the modern essay, like all else, must take some subtle thought or quiet conceit, and, with a roar, flog it about the marketplace. Nor have the short story and the novel fared better. The short story frequently adopts the searchlight method of making things clear, focussing every ray of style and manner in the attempt to make the situations or characters stir the reader solely by their distinctness. Frequently, this is successful; but, as in the case of the searchlight, high lights, and low lights, delicacies of color and form are nullified. And the novel, too, strives to be crystalline in a more leisured fashion. Sometimes, to be sure, it attempts the same assault-and-battery method as the short story. But just at present the determination seems to be to "play it safe," leaving nothing to him who reads. It is like an interminable moving picture which contains explanatory labels in addition to the pictures themselves. Indeed, many a modern novelist is like the dramatist who devotes so much matter to skilful exposition that he has nothing left for his play. "Tell them you're going to do it, tell them you're doing it, tell them you've done it!" may be a helpful rule for the playwright, but it should hardly be foisted on all literature. The great masters of fiction have refrained from doing everything for their readers, preferring to leave them a chance for their own reactions.

A mad hue-and-cry after clearness—and nothing else—is destructive. Mere sense is not a be-all and end-all. If it were, an electric motto flaming against a dark sky would be the masterpiece of art. Richness, flexibility, and variety of style are much; imagination, thought, and truth still more. Without these, the literature of clearness becomes nothing more than sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

Chronicle of the War

When we wrote last week we were careful to point out the danger of over-estimating the value of the reported successes of the Allies in Belgium. Events have shown that the warning was not uncalled for, and today there appears to be a danger of going to the other extreme and assuming that the success achieved by the German forces in the great battle that has been in progress since Saturday indicates that they are invincible. One English paper, indeed, has already stated that "we may yet see before long the Germans march in earnest upon Paris." That the net result of the fighting during the past week has been to secure a heavy advantage for the German troops is not to be denied, nor is the importance of their victories to be underrated; but it is well to bear in mind that the German armies have only now, after severe fighting and heavy losses, arrived at the point where, according to what we may assume to have been the plan of campaign, they expected to be two weeks ago. They have still to pierce the formidable double line of French fortifications before they can commence the march to Paris. Meanwhile, time has been gained and the Russian army has penetrated a considerable distance into eastern Prussia.

For the sake of convenience we may divide the fighting which has taken place in Belgium into two stages: that which occurred previous to the occupation of Brussels, on August 20, which may be termed the preliminary stage, and that which has occurred since. It has not, perhaps, been sufficiently understood—indeed, it has only recently been definitely established—that almost the entire brunt of the fighting in the preliminary stage was borne by the Belgian troops alone, and that the French and British did not come into touch with the enemy until the latter part of last week. The Belgian retreat really began on the evening of August 18 from the neighborhood of Diest. On the following day there was severe fighting near Aerschot, twenty-three miles east of Brussels, in which the Belgians were defeated. Louvain was abandoned late that night, the Belgians falling back on Antwerp. The Germans entered Brussels without opposition on Thursday, and by Friday of last week the entire Belgian army, with the exception of the forces still holding out at Liège and the garrison of Namur, was safe within the defences of Antwerp, one of the most strongly fortified places in Europe. All that happened thus far was stated officially to be part of a preconceived plan of campaign of the Allies, the idea having been that the Belgian forces should hold the Germans in check as long as possible, while the French and British were concentrating, and that when the allied forces had chosen their battleground there would be an effective Belgian force in Antwerp menacing the right wing of the enemy in case he were defeated.

At the beginning of the battle which may be said to have started on Saturday, the right wing of the German army was in the neighborhood of Ghent and its front followed the line Brussels, Wavre, Eghezee, Huy, Luxemburg. The Allies, with their left resting on Lille, extended in an almost straight line west and east to Namur, then followed the Meuse to Dinant, Givet, and Mezières, and southeast to Longwy. It is evident that the French plan was to assume the offensive, for the fighting on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday took place almost entirely within Belgian territory. It commenced apparently with a battle along the line Charleroi-Namur, and it is obvious that the latter place was the principal German objective. On Monday came the news of a French defeat at Neufchâteau by the army under the Grand Duke Albrecht of Württemberg, of a battle at Mons in which the British troops were able to hold their own, and of the presence of German forces on the west of the river Meuse. This was followed on Tuesday by the startling intelligence that Namur had fallen or been evacuated. The fall of Namur, which, though not as strong as Liège, is more favorably situated for defence, after a resistance of only three days, is puzzling, and would seem to indicate an extraordinary brilliance in the German attack. The explanation, however, may be that the Allies, in danger of having their lines pierced, feared a juncture of the German forces on the Meuse and Sambre and the consequent isolation of the fortress, and that it seemed preferable that the garrison should evacuate Namur rather than be cut off, as was Metz in 1870.

In Lorraine, also, where an offensive movement was undertaken last week, the French have suffered reverses. After having advanced along a front extending from the Donon Mountains to Château Salins and penetrated as far as Morhange and Saarburg, which was taken on August 18, the French were unable to retain their position and retreated again across the frontier, their right resting on the Donon hills and their left on Nancy. In the same battle in which the forces of the Allies in Belgium were forced to retreat the left wing of the German armies defeated the French in Lorraine, capturing Lunéville, which is sixteen miles within the French border. That this was a serious defeat may be judged from the fact that the French were driven back a distance of thirty miles, from Saarburg to Lunéville, in three days. Mülhausen, in Alsace, which was retaken by the French on August 20, has been evacuated. A statement issued by the French War Office on Wednesday declared that operations in Alsace had been entirely abandoned.

The German and the French accounts of the fighting naturally differ considerably in detail, but the essential facts stand out, that the Allies have suffered reverses in the first important battle of the war, on the right and centre at Namur, Neufchâteau, and Diedenhofen, where the army under the Crown Prince is reported to have won a victory and pursued the French as far south as Longwy, and on the left in Lorraine. The fighting along this line will now be transferred principally to French soil, as is indicated by the official statement in Paris that "the French army will remain for a time on the defensive." Unfortunately another inference is also to be drawn from the events of the past few days; that is, that this is not likely to be the short war that was prophesied in many quarters. Lord Kitchener's speech in the House of Lords on Tuesday bore testimony to the fact that he sees the probability of a long struggle.

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With the reverses to the Allies on the French-Belgian frontier, the situation on Germany's eastern frontier becomes of increasing importance. For the Allies the problem is to hold the German armies in check until the full weight of the Russian invasion on the east is felt and it shall become necessary for Germany to detach some of her forces to meet it. For Germany, the problem is more difficult, for success against the Allies, to be complete, must be immediate. Russia has now apparently completed her mobilization, and the army which commenced the invasion of eastern Prussia on August 16 is said to consist of about half a million men. Gumbinnen, twenty miles within the Prussian border, and Lyck were occupied on Wednesday or Thursday of last week, and later in the week the Russians were stated to have occupied Johannisburg, Ortelsburg, Neidenburg, and Soldau. There was a report that Insterburg, some sixteen miles west of Gumbinnen, had also been taken, but up to the time of writing this report has not been officially confirmed. Should the news prove true, it is important, as Insterburg is the strategic railway centre of East Prussia, eight railways converging on it.

The details of the fighting on the Prussian frontier are too vague to be accepted at their face value and come entirely from Russian sources, but it may be presumed that the invading army has not advanced from thirty to forty miles into Prussia without encountering some serious resistance, and therefore that the Russians have been generally successful.

It is somewhat ironical, since the attention of the world has been diverted from the original combatants in the war to the wider battlefields of Belgium, that the only battle which has so far been fought to a definite issue is that on the river Drina, which we recorded last week, and in which the Servian army gained a decisive victory over the Austrian. The reports of this victory have been amply confirmed, and the Austrian losses, as reported from Servian sources, seem to have been in no way exaggerated. The battle lasted four days and the numbers engaged were about 150,000 on either side. According to official accounts, the Austrian losses amounted to 20,000, and a number of guns were taken. If further confirmation of the Servian success were needed, it might be found in the official announcement in Vienna on Monday that Austria would now retire from the war with Servia to devote her attention to the struggle in the northeast. The announcement adds that "the attack on Servia is henceforth looked upon as a punitive expedition, and not as a definite war."

There is still little to record concerning naval operations. In the North Sea the situation remains unchanged. An official dispatch from Berlin, reported by the Reuter correspondent at Amsterdam on Saturday, declared the Baltic to be free from all hostile ships. Confirmation has been received of the report of the sinking of the Austrian battleship Zrinyi in the Adriatic ten days ago by a French warship. According to a dispatch from Antivari, Montenegro, to the *Corriere d'Italia*, the fortifications of Cattaro, the Austrian seaport in Dalmatia, on the Adriatic, have been completely destroyed by a bombardment by French and British warships.

Foreign Correspondence

CALM IN ENGLAND—EARLY PREPARATIONS FOR WAR—THE RESPONSE TO THE APPEAL FOR RECRUITS.

LONDON, August 11.

In the whirl of successive exciting incidents, of conflicting reports, and all the phenomena attending a condition of tense public expectation, it is difficult to reflect coolly, to discriminate between fact and fiction, and to report accurately the existing situation—a situation, moreover, that may be altered at any moment. But, up to the time at which I am now writing, the most obvious and most impressive feature of surrounding circumstances is the external popular calm.

For ten days the country has been alive with military preparations, for days and nights the railways have been transporting troops to the coasts; long lines of reservists and Territorials have been marching through the streets to their various destinations; horses, vans, trucks, and automobiles have been impressed into the public service; wholesale and retail trade have been demoralized by the abrupt withdrawal of ordinary means of transportation; shops and business firms have been deprived of a large proportion of their clerks; motor-'buses and trains have lost half their drivers and conductors; postmen and telegraph operators have been summoned to the field; large numbers of police have been assigned to military duty; all the machinery of every-day life has been subjected to sudden and exasperating interference. And yet, on the surface, there is nothing to denote that the nation is confronting the greatest crisis in its existence. Men and women go quietly about their affairs as usual, there are no crowds about the bulletin boards, the streams of busy pedestrians in the metropolis flow on as steadily as ever, and there is nothing to indicate that the whole air is charged with deadly foreboding.

It need not be supposed that this apparent indifference is but an exaggerated manifestation of the proverbial British phlegm. There is no general failure to comprehend the possibilities of the impending peril. The plain fact rather is that the realization of danger and responsibility is too deep and insistent among the solid classes of the community to permit distraction from the work in hand. There is no time now for anything but action. The nation has been solidified as by a stroke of magic, and the finer qualities of the Anglo-Saxon nature, qualities which have long been quiescent and which not a few observers thought to have disappeared, are beginning to reassert themselves. There is no boasting anywhere, no insane bragging about British invincibility, but a common admission that the coming fight is for national honor and liberty, that the issue is vital, must be met unswervingly, and settled, for good or evil, once for all. The dominant spirit is one of hopefulness and dogged resolution—a spirit fortified by faith in a righteous cause, and a belief—which has been illustrated by the crowded condition of churches last Sunday—that at least some of the angels will be found on the side of Albion.

Concerning the military ardor of the people at large, there is no room for question. The alacrity with which reserves of all kinds have answered the call to the colors has been astonishing. All estimates of their probable total have already been exceeded, and the recruiting offices around London and elsewhere are overwhelmed with applicants. To-day's estimate that 400,000 men are already in the fighting ranks—this, of course, is inclusive of the regular troops—is understood to be well within the mark. That Kitchener will get his additional 100,000 men is virtually certain, but months must elapse before they can be licked into serviceable shape, and no one can tell what may happen before then. But, whether justifiably or not, there is a rapidly growing confidence that the crowning trial of a hostile invasion of these islands will be averted, and that the British fleet may be depended upon to hold the Channel safe, if it can do no more.

I have just seen a private communication from the Admiralty authorizing fishermen to ply their trade in the English Channel and the Bay of Biscay. This, certainly, betokens confidence. And they have also given permission to-day for the exportation of coal to Italy, which, at this juncture, is a fact of great political significance. Before these lines reach you, you may know whether Italy has decided to throw her naval weight into our scale. This is what London is expecting her to do.

The presence of Kitchener in the War Office has been felt in the notable diminution of wild war stories in the newspapers. The reckless enterprise of the *Daily Mail* in issuing an extra on Sunday morning announcing a great naval battle in the North Sea, in which six English and nineteen German battleships were sunk, has already been the subject of angry comment in Parliament. It is announced that the author of similar journalistic canards—as mischievous as they are wicked and contemptible—will be held hereafter to strict account. This has established a wholesome fear of consequences in the souls—if they have any—of the publishers of the lesser yellow sheets. They have been reduced to the ignoble necessity of printing "No official confirmation" at the bottom of their sensational placards. This will soon put an end to one means of iniquitous profit. The *Times*, to its credit be it said, thus far has lived up to its best traditions, and is finding its reward in another vast increase in circulation. You find people reading it everywhere.

Just now nobody knows much of what is going on, and we are beginning to wonder how much news will be given to the public daily by the official bureau which has been established. Not a word has been printed about the manner or progress of the mobilizations of navy or army. The public only knew that all the railway terminals in London were held by the military, and that for three days troop-laden trains rushed north, south, east, and west by day and by night. The promptitude, the secrecy, and the order with which the Government acted were extraordinary. It is only now leaking out that preparations for war began three months ago. I know that some Naval Reserve officers were then assigned to their respective ships, and I am assured, on what I believe to be responsible authority, that Lord Kitchener went secretly to Belgium a few weeks ago to arrange with the Belgian headquarters staff about the disposition of our expeditionary force. A large part of that force was in Dover a week or so ago. The old place was thick with soldiers one night; the next

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morning they had vanished. During the night they were all entrained for Folkestone, where they were put upon transports and dispatched. At the same time a fleet of great steamers, loaded to the bulwarks with khaki-clad soldiers, sailed out of Southampton. I heard yesterday, from a good source, that 100,000 British soldiers were in Belgium last Tuesday. The universal prayer here is that they may be able to give substantial aid to the gallant defenders of Liège. Praise of the Belgian soldiery here is rapturous.

According to a story whispered here, and widely credited, it was an Italian Ambassador at one of the Continental courts who gave a hint to the British Ministry weeks ago that a storm was brewing and was on the point of breaking. The report that the mobilization of the British fleet was accomplished then, secretly, under the pretence of a review before the King, is now accepted commonly as an established fact. The story that Winston Churchill, at Kitchener's instigation, ordered the mobilization without consulting his colleagues is also believed, but is, perhaps, less worthy of credence. One thing, however, is clear, and that is that the fleet was ready for action, and disposed according to the strategical plan of the Admiralty before Mr. Asquith followed his ultimatum to Germany with a declaration of war. The rapidity and smoothness with which all subsequent naval and military preparations have been conducted have excited general surprise and admiration. Almost for the first time in history Great Britain seems to have begun a campaign without disastrous preliminary blundering, and the startling energy with which she has thrown off her habitual lethargy is hailed as a good omen. Unluckily there is abundant opportunity yet for mistakes and misfortunes.

It is useless for me sitting here, before an impenetrable veil of secrecy and ignorance, to speculate upon the events of the near future. I can deal only with what lies within the range of my vision. To-morrow, or next week, the knowledge of a big victory or a great reverse may bring a wave of exhilaration or despondency. Now the course of daily life is shaping itself to its habitual channels. Confidence has been maintained not only by the demonstrated capacity of the Government in arming for the fray, but by its sagacity in checking panic by keeping holiday, its promised regulation of the news service, its promptness in suppressing conscienceless speculation in food, and by the simple, virile dignity with which it has confronted the emergency presented to it. All the shops are open, the cost of living has not appreciably increased, families are still flocking to seaside resorts for the summer holidays, without regard to hostile navies, and only in the frequent apparition of passing troops is there any symptom of endangered peace. Possibly no stronger proof of the general calm could be offered than the fact that the movements of the military along public thoroughfares are followed with sober interest instead of the usual noisy enthusiasm.

The immediate need is one of horses. It is said that foreign experts have been buying up all available stock of that kind in this country, and, of course, the credit is laid to Germany. Certain it is that some of the yeomanry organizations as yet remain ineffective for want of mounts. The official veterinaries are impounding useful animals everywhere. Livery stables and riding schools have been stripped and innumerable private carriages have been left horseless. Teams have even been taken from carriages and shop-wagons in the streets. In all cases a fair price has been paid for the animals, and no one is grumbling, although the inconvenience caused by this summary procedure is often great. The owners of gray or white animals are lucky, for they are left in undisturbed possession of their steeds.

The crowds of anxious stranded tourists in the offices of the various steamship lines running to America continue undiminished. Some of them, of course, have resources which insure them against anything more serious than temporary inconvenience and delay, but others are in an extremely awkward plight. It is simply impossible to find accommodations in any outgoing vessel, and many of these unfortunates are without ticket, money, or credit. They can only hope that the means taken for their relief may be prompt. The steamship people are doing their best for those to whom they are responsible for a return passage, but they do not know when any of their ships may be taken for transport service, and all those which they still control are "full up." The presumption is that other vessels will be chartered soon, if they can be registered under the American flag, but the prospect of even a few weeks' delay is a very serious one for the hundreds with neither tickets nor friends and empty purses.

J. Ranken Towse.

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS—DECLARATION OF WAR—STARTING FOR THE FRONT.

Paris, August 10.

Ten days ago, circumstances seeming to warrant, I bought a map of central Europe. To-day I need an atlas. No one foresaw ten days ago the terrible conflagration which has swept over this Continent and leaped across oceans. For the last two weeks, I have passed all the time possible in the streets and boulevards, at the stations and in the cafés.

Each of these days and nights has had a character of its own. For instance, on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday, July 27 and 28, the great boulevards were packed by enormous crowds, through which carriages and taxis moved like wreckage on a sluggish stream. But the crowd of Monday night differed from that of Tuesday: it was under a strain of uncertainty. No one was heard to laugh. By Tuesday night, a reaction had come. People felt surer that Russia would stand firm. There was much gayety, despite the mild riots due to the decision in the Caillaux case. The excitement increased steadily through Wednesday and Thursday, and by leaps and bounds on Friday and Saturday. The only topic of conversation was war, so much so that I overheard a serious little girl of seven say to a younger playmate: "Tu sais, si la Russie déclare la guerre, nous marcherons!" Those last two words, literally applied, would fit the courage which the women of France are showing.

By Friday night, a sinister impression of the inevitability of war had settled over the capital. I shall not soon forget the horror of this impression: it was almost as real as the smell of blood. What rendered the situation more tragic was that no one could be found who wanted war. By the morning of Saturday, August 1, thousands of vehicles of all sorts were transporting merchandise, and especially family furniture and heirlooms, to places of safety. Cabs were not to be found in sufficient numbers. Hundreds of people had to carry their own bundles, and one saw frequently a young wife and husband of the bourgeoisie carrying a trunk between them. In the afternoon, the thousands of auto-'buses almost all disappeared, converted into army wagons, and at about 4:30 o'clock the eagerly expected order for general mobilization of the forces of land and sea was posted. In the night we learned that Germany had declared war against Russia. Thousands of men, especially officers, left Paris before morning, dashing through the principal thoroughfares in automobiles and taxis. Even as late as two or three o'clock in the morning and in a quiet side street, one heard the rapidly nearing hum of an automobile, which swept by in a burst of air and sound and whirred away into the night. Some cafés did not close until three or four o'clock, and then only for a few hours. I saw the proprietor of a modest café in a populous quarter closing his doors at half-past one. His gray-haired wife was aiding. Their handsome daughter, after perhaps eighteen hours of continuous work, had sunk into a chair near the window. Before her was a glass of milk and a piece of bread, both untouched. Her dark eyes seemed fixed on some frontier at an interminable distance, and were filled with tears. She will long remain in my memory as the soul of France on the eve of war.

Few can remember another Sunday like that of August 2 at Paris. Troops everywhere, from the firm-knit infantryman in his garance colored pantaloons to the magnificent dragoons on horseback and the beautifully uniformed officers. The soldiers marched slowly—they had started in good season. They laughed and occasionally sang as they marched. It was interesting to watch their bright faces when an officer passed; they appeared to be proud of him, as of an older brother. At the stations, there was no confusion. Everything was done with calmness and order, much as at a successful fire-drill in a factory. The Gare de l'Est was, of course, the busiest place in the city. Unnumbered thousands, come to tell their "boys" good-by, occupied the square in front of the station and the neighboring streets. Lanes were kept open for the troops, who, before entering the gates, paused a moment to say farewell. The soldiers said good-by with a jollity which veiled their emotion, and, with a smile and a wave of the hand, they were gone. And the women? No less admirable was their attitude. Set faces, yes, but no sobs or tears. This was not the moment for weeping when the supreme peril of *la patrie* called upon all to be firm, and when, from that column traversing the court and disappearing inside the station, Jean or Pierre might turn around to show a smiling face and throw a final kiss to *petite maman*. Nor were the women of the rich less stoical. They were nearly all dressed with great simplicity and frequently in white. I saw literally hundreds of these elegant ladies kiss their husbands or brothers, hold them a moment at arm's length, and look at them with tender smiles, then kiss them again. Now he had entered the gates. She stood erect in the automobile, smiling and waving her hand. Later, there would be time enough to weep. On several occasions, I saw

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automobiles returning with a single occupant after such an adieu. Generally it was a fleeting vision of a white-faced, beautiful woman, sitting erect in the depths of a limousine, but several times the image was that of a convulsed figure, pressing a handkerchief to its lips. One such figure I saw crumple down and disappear, probably in a faint, while the chauffeur sped on, and, dramatically, at that moment, a marching column on the other side of the street commenced again the immortal hymn:

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!

And this is only the velvet of war!

What a succession of pictures that Sunday! Here a group of young priests hurrying along to change their black robes for uniforms, for they too must do the service of men in defence of the fatherland. There, an officer in a hack, behind which follows a blooded mare. Her beautiful limbs are a-quiver with emotion, her ears in constant movement. A private soldier, fully accoutred, accompanied by his parents, stands on an isle of safety in the middle of the surging boulevard. He will be late for his train. He makes frantic signals to the passing taxis and hacks. But an officer, who is accompanied by a white-haired lady, sees the predicament. At a signal, his automobile stops, and in an instant he installs his guests, and the machine starts on. In the poorer quarter of the Rue Saint-Jacques, in front of a very humble shop, a young woman is seated on a stool. She is sewing. She is mending a tear in her husband's military coat. And in the midst of it all there are merry parties at the *mairie* of the fifth arrondissement—wedding parties, if you please. The generous wines of France are still to be had, and the bridegrooms start away to-morrow! The verb *partir* is being conjugated in all its living forms from one end of France to the other.

RAYMOND WEEKS.

HOLLAND AND THE WAR—ANTI-GERMAN FEELING—THE IMPROBABILITY OF A SECRET UNDERSTANDING.

THE HAGUE, August 8.

These are days full of anxiety for this country. Within earshot from its southeastern border the cannon roar. From the hills on which a week ago hundreds of holiday makers rejoiced in the pure air and the beautiful views, one now spies in the distance the smoking ruins, the burning houses of the little Belgian villages which lined so peacefully the shores of the Meuse and the Vesdre up to Liège, the manufacturing centre, the spire and chimney stacks of which one may discern in the distance from the Dutch hills—Liège, which may be but a smoking ruin itself, within a day, or an hour.

Long lines of wounded German soldiers, of wounded Belgian soldiers, of civilians, women and children, who in many cases have barely escaped with their lives across the frontier, are now on their way to Maestricht, to the same square at which in happier circumstances on Sunday next some thousands of Belgians would have gathered to assist at the great annual musical festival.

It has come as a surprise to everybody, the wirepullers-in-chief excepted. And it is not even certain that it has not been a surprise even to them, that they may not have thought to the very last minute that their mutual bluff would have the desired result.

Germany—once bound for war—had no choice, from the moment she determined to strike a blow at France, but to pass through Belgium. Every other direct route is barred by a series of fortifications. If the Belgians had been kind enough—or weak enough—to let the German army pass through their territory, the blow was struck and—this is the only theory of the German action that seems admissible here—France could have been dealt with before Russia was ready to fall upon the Fatherland.

The regiment which the Kaiser sent to safeguard the Dutch frontier from any infringement by his own troops is "Queen Wilhelmina's Own Prussian Regiment." On the other hand, "King Albert's Own Prussian Regiment" forms part of the army which attacks King Albert's town of Liège. Why is this?

The Dutch soil is respected everywhere, because, as the soldiers and officers say quite audibly, they "may not attack the country over which an Orange rules." And everybody knows how one of the Kaiser's most cherished titles is the (spurious) one of Prince of Orange.

The Dutch Red Cross helps the wounded indiscriminately, of course. But the German authorities are so brimful of courtesy towards these Dutch ambulance men that they send enthusiastic telegrams for the kind care received.

The marked difference in treatment between Holland and Belgium cannot but make many people believe in the real existence of that secret understanding between Holland and Germany which has so often in recent years been alleged to exist.

Yet if this explanation should gain a foothold in Europe and Holland stand as the Kaiser's helpmate, a revolution would be the immediate result. For it is clear that Holland feels with Belgium, with France; abhors the German proceedings. This is what the quarter of a million Dutch soldiers now with the colors think and say, and it is what the nation at large feels. I know Dutchmen who took service as volunteers in the Belgium army as soon as the attack on Visé and Liège became known. I know Dutchmen who would almost pray for an "accident" on the frontier of Holland and Germany which would make it necessary for this country to take its stand against "the Kaiser and his vandals," as they call them. Holland has never been a warlike nation, but I am almost convinced that the whole nation would prefer to go to war immediately rather than to bear the stigma of being the abettor and silent ally of Germany.

"Real independence is a great good, but the mock independence which is the inevitable sequel of a secret Germano-Dutch understanding is too dear at any price." So I was told this morning by a member of the Second Chamber, who is a prominent man in the peace movement and who cannot be suspected of any levity in matters like these. And he added: "I am certain that no such understanding exists or can exist."

I take his word for it, but there still remain the unprincipled and Machiavellian German proceedings!

For days the leading hotels in Rotterdam have been overcrowded by Americans returning from a visit to Europe. No doubt you will be hearing their stories at first-hand by the time you read this letter.

The staff of your Legation is working day and night—they are splendid! J. H. A.

The Middle-Aged Corinthian

SAILING FOR WISDOM VS. SAILING FOR SPEED—THE YAWL ADMIRABLE—NEWPORT AND WHALING—THE FOREFATHERS OF CORINTHIANISM.

The word *Corinthian* means a votary of effeminate vices and also an adept in the manly art of sailing one's own boat. It is the only sort of Corinthianism with which I have any near acquaintance, so naturally is my present theme. By limiting the subject to its middle-aged aspects I may seem to have abated its interest, but I think only apparently so. The problem of the young Corinthian, who is usually a racing skipper, is of opaque simplicity. Youth may sail anything, and the rest is a dull computation of available cash. Your young Corinthian rejoices in the yawing bow of the runaway catboat, and in the swaying over-extended main boom that thrashes into alternate waves. If the adventure end in that ignominious tangle technically called a goosewing, he has small reputation for caution or dignity to maintain. Not so the sober Corinthian who sees the land blink of old age blurring his horizon. In a sloop, young Corinthian affects the tip of his bowsprit and the lean of his gaff as resting places, and may do so with reasonable impunity. The racing scow of the Great Lakes will even afford him the stern joy of poising on the weather side of his own centreboard. These are ineligible spots for the skipper whose pace has been slackened by the years, and whose waist has outgrown the unimpressive concavity of mere youth. His problem in finding and handling his own boat is a sufficiently complicated and difficult one, his only advantage that he may be a little better able to pay for what he wants.

With abnormal cases of physical preservation, middle-aged men who habitually sail racing craft, I decline to deal. They need no advice and shall have no approval of mine. The middle-aged Corinthian I have in mind wants only to cruise. His guerdon is the fascination of right seamanship, the surprises of strange harbors, the scraps of odd human wisdom and experience that come to him who will cast anchor and be conversable. The other day, in the unlikeliest spot, Newport Harbor, the story of the last cruise of Capt. Slocum, of the world-circling sloop Spray, was told me by an ancient skipper who rowed alongside my little yawl. He had seen bottom up off the Connecticut River bars the nine-foot skiff in which Capt. Slocum sailed out from Mystic into his last nor'easter. Somewhere in the treacherous waters where Fisher's Island and Block Island Sound meet the old captain was overwhelmed. As my visitor talked, I looked at the nine-foot skiff which is my tender, thought of the nor'easter which I had ridden out uncomfortably the night before, and marvelled at the heaven-defying rashness of the greatest of aged

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Corinthians. Compared with his last undertaking, the passage of Magellan Straits in the stanch and obedient Spray was mere child's play. A clever and resourceful mariner may well demand the scope of a world; a merely desperate skipper may be accommodated in his home waters. The Corinthian who courts his end need only wait for the right weather in New York Bay. Besides the natural interest in the dauntless Capt. Slocum, my visitor and I developed unexpected bonds. Years ago he had sailed a famous racing sloop. I could tell him that the son of his old captain had hauled her up to be an honorable landmark on one of the lovely Elizabeth islands, and just where she lay. It did not interest him greatly to hear that this son was distinguished as a connoisseur of art, but he was pleased to learn that he and his brothers were yachtsmen worthy of the stock whence they sprung.

Why this ancient mariner approached the particular middle-aged Corinthian who now writes was for no better reason than that we both sailed yawls. The law of birds of a feather applies nowhere with more automatic strictness than in harbors. You will see in flocks the cats, sloops, and schooners, and sometimes I have thought that an analytical mind might distinguish even finer subdivisions, as of craft with ambitious bowsprits, or with jib prudently rigged at the stem. At any rate the law of rig holds as an instinct. A catboat was my first love and best educator; yet I have just once consciously anchored alongside one. It was in a very small unknown harbor on which I chanced at night. The morrow showed the complete absence of other yawls, and perilously yet conveniently near my taffrail a monumental and well-stocked lobster crate, which I am satisfied was the real attraction that drew me to an otherwise unmeet roadstead.

What the boat of the middle-aged Corinthian should be is a matter of opinion; yet I am sure that the sensible choice lies merely between rigs with divided sails, such as schooners and yawls. The past ten years have seen the building of hundreds of small schooners and yawls; indeed, these are the only real novelties in our American waters. Many are sailed by their owners. Naturally, my own preference is for the boat I sail, the yawl—a rig which for centuries has proved its utility in the heaving shallows off Holland, and for generations has been the favorite rig amid the reefs of the West Coast of Scotland. Indeed, it is hard to imagine a more handy three-sail rig than one which provides only one sail of any size, while permitting the two small sails to be so rigged as under all circumstances to take care of themselves. I have even known hardy catboat skippers to admit, while surveying a welter to them passable but most uncomfortable, "You can do it well enough, in a yawl." And occasionally, casting aside the prudence that befits a middle-aged Corinthian, I have done it, just to prove them right. If any one doubts the handiness of what is still an exceptional rig, or that it has come to stay, let him watch the pleasure fleet when a thunderstorm roars up the wind. Down go the sails of cats and sloops. They wait, stripped and helpless, for the blast, or face it with ignobly chugging engine. Schooners follow suit, or go through a laborious process of reefing. Those that take that chance will generally be seen when the whirlwind has passed with gaff dangling and parted halliard. The yawl quickly lowers and ties up her mainsail, an affair of seconds, and in fighting trim gallantly faces the event. You will see her driving into the smother when the rest are aimlessly drifting. There are faster boats, but she works *ohne Hast ohne Rast*.

As for Corinthianism in general, the absence of the inevitable, inarticulate, and highly expensive Norseman, who is now about the only available sailing master, has the effect of throwing upon the Corinthian the most delightful variety of work. He is about the only surviving handy man. If there be anything more engrossing than sailing, it is sitting in your own unchaperoned cockpit under the sun and making splices. Taking up turnbuckles has its joys, and so has painting. Much wisdom is to be got by working on shore alongside those seasoned men who prepare ships to go down into the sea. Then the sport adjusts itself as few others to time, tide, and temperament. You may arrange a cruise gentle enough to please your wife's relatives, or you may sail out into winds fit to suit Viking blood. I know of a particularly timorous Corinthian, who, by biding his time, has nosed his ill-found craft into every port from Charleston to Machias. I know also the captain of a most picturesque and uncertain packet who has joyously left the fragments of his booms and masts from Monomoy to Block Island. He has sailed so long and successfully that his pleasure now is solely in emergency and disaster. These are the opposite poles. One is free to name his craft the Adventure or the Susan Jane, and to sail her accordingly. Between these high latitudes of radicalism and conservatism most middle-aged Corinthians will be content to steer.

To assert his kinship with the long line of seafaring men is the Corinthian's high privilege. By the easy expedient of neglecting his engine—in these days one will hardly escape some ill-smelling mechanism misnamed an auxiliary—the amateur captain may put himself essentially in the conditions of Ulysses or Erik the Red. It is the same sea, and boats have not greatly changed. Once, by a misunderstanding with the chart-seller, I had to find my way in the, to me, unknown stretch between Sakonnet and Cuttyhunk. It was done by keen observation of the waters, timely use of the lead, and a modicum of good luck. Under these conditions Smithtown Neck may be as ominous as Læstrygonia, while, having noted Scylla and Charybdis, I hold the currents that swirl around the Hen and Chickens rocks to be a satisfactory equivalent.

One noon, while rising and falling with slack sails in the great rollers that raced towards Narragansett Bay, I heard alongside a curious *pouff!!* A white fountain of thin spray rose near by, and then a slow rounded back ploughed through the wave, leaving its own wake of foam. I am thirty-one feet on deck. It was much longer. Had he playfully caught me head on, the good cedar planking of the Altair would have yielded like a filbert under the hammer. To react the tragedy of the Essex under the windows of the 400, this would be to succumb with dignity, such was the first reflection. Then the bass *pouffs!!* sounded all about. To starboard, port, and ahead the blue rollers were broken for a cable's length by fountain plumes and diving brown backs. Recalling that the blackfish, as this small whale is called, was after all a faint-hearted cetacean, for a moment I thought that by launching my largest boat-hook from the prow of the nine-foot tender, I might, with a minimum of risk, emulate the feats that had enthralled my boyhood in the incomparable pages of Herman Melville's "Moby Dick." I abstained from the proud gesture, considering that while I could ill spare the larger boat-hook, I had no kind of use for the small whale. As I left him unmolested, a sympathetic shipmate told with admirable mimicry the classic yarn of Captain Sims and his more enterprising mate and the whale that spouted and spumed and broached. For a moment we had lived over the thrill of old whaling days.

To the middle-aged Corinthian of any imagination such revivals of the standard incidents of seafaring through the centuries come not infrequently. They are the pledge of his oneness with all who have captained hollow ships since the ocean was—the assurance of a modest but indubitable apostolic succession. To-day a standing joke in old-fashioned boatyards is the apparently unshipshape plight of St. Paul when off the coast of Malta he "let out two anchors *from the stern* and waited for the dawn." That this, in a rowing galley, was all right enough merely enhances the bond of chaff and humor that is immemorial among sailing folk. Since I have experimented with a megaphone, I am satisfied that it was both terse and witty for Ulysses to describe himself as No Man to blinded Polyphemus, and sometimes, when my anchor chain has been clanking correctly enough at the bow, my anti-Calvinism has admitted a strong fellow-feeling for St. Paul. When the professionals quailed, he seems to have played a stalwart Corinthian part. May we latter-day Corinthians, if ever it fall to our lot to fight with wild beasts at Ephesus, hold ourselves as befits our lineage, and in fashion to do honor to our mighty mistress, the sea.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

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Robert Bridges. By T. Herbert Warren. New York: Oxford University Press.

Richard II. Edited by S. G. Gordon. New York: Oxford University Press.

The "Auguries" of Mr. Binyon, like auguries in other fields, arouses expectations which the results hardly verify. In these accomplished and modulated verses, we breathe the ether rather than the air of poetry. The verse is highly, minutely, pliantly expressive, but it lacks, in the accepted phrase, viscera. It wanders adrift with waiflike or spectral detachment, not achieving that rootage in the obvious which is indispensable to the success of the recondite. There is delicate Hawthornesque fancy in the first section of "The Mirror"; there is cosmic and cyclic imagination in the picture of the world-wide and age-long influence of the moon on the sum of human or planetary experience. Mr. Binyon deserves credit, moreover, for resisting the temptation, common in poets of his type, to seek in the coarsening of his matter an offset for the refinement of his treatment.

The combination of sexual passion and humanitarian ardor which emerged in Shelley, and reappeared in Shelley's devotee, Swinburne, has renewed its career in the writings of a follower and worshipper of both poets, John Helstone. His imitation, in an elegy on Swinburne, of Swinburne's well-known elegy on Baudelaire deserves admiration—like other forlorn hopes—for its courage. The author's imitativeness, however, is many-sided, and his chief debt to Swinburne is a facility in amplification which piles stanza upon stanza with a perseverance that sets one wondering how so much addition can mean so little increase. Mr. Helstone is not without strong phrases, good lines, and imaginative touches, particularly in landscapes of the bosky, dense, implicate type; but his rejection of clearness is absolute, and his slender evocative and rhetorical power is no compensation for his obscurity. His teaching is meagre and obvious, for all its haughty assumption of profundity and compass, and we cannot help wishing that some one more influential with young poets than the cold reviewer would suggest to Mr. Helstone that it is a waste of chivalry to undertake the championship of the injured animal passions. The animal passions can take care of themselves.

Mr. Louis Untermeyer's work divides itself into two parts. The first is a miscellany of types, narrative, descriptive, dialectical, allegorical, fanciful, erotic, producing a miscellany of impressions—impressions of study and negligence, of smoothness and harshness, of platitude and originality, of beauty and repulsion, of freak and poise. The second is a much smaller group of much abler poems, praiseworthy less for their value as poetry than as clear-cut dicta, which add to plain and pointed language the reinforcing crispness of verse. In the flux of moods which agitate Mr. Untermeyer, it is neither unnatural nor unfit that the one mood which abides with us should be that of steadfastness. His hand, largely unsure and tentative, has defined and affirmed itself in the single field of pointed thought and measured and incisive verse. We quote four stanzas of "Prayer":

God, though this life is but a wraith,
  Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope with little faith,
  Give me the heart to fight—and lose.

Ever insurgent let me be,
  Make me more daring than devout;
From sleek contentment keep me free,
  And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my ears to music; let
  Me thrill with Spring's first flutes and drums—
But never let me dare forget
  The bitter ballads of the slums.

From compromise and things half-done,
  Keep me, with stern and stubborn pride:
And when, at last, the fight is won
  God, keep me still unsatisfied.

The impression left by "Arrows in the Gale" is that an earlier and more exclusive addiction to writing might have made Arturo Giovannitti a genuine man of letters. In spite of chronic superabundance, of much vague rhapsody in formless Whitmanesque verse, of an excess of density and hardness in the grenadier-like pace of the squadroned iambics, of plentiful infractions of good English and good taste, the writings of this syndicalist show real imagination, which, when joined with compression and restraint, rises into momentary power. The following beatitude expresses the spirit of the work: "Blessed are they that mourn their martyred dead, for they shall avenge them upon their murderers and be comforted." The literature profits by the massiveness of the truculence; it is an embedded, an assimilated, and organic hatred. The following lines illustrate the mixture of repulsiveness and power in the work (the italics are ours):

And now we, too, must sit here, Joe. Don't dust
These boards on which our wretched brothers fell,
They are clean, there's no reason for disgust,
For the fat millionaire's revolting stench
Is not here, nor the preacher's saintly smell,
And the Judge never sat upon this bench.

The subject of Percy Stickney Grant's poetic play, "The Return of Odysseus," offers clear dramatic opportunities. The success of Mr. Grant in evading or nullifying every one of these occasions has an inevitableness that resembles dexterity. His style shows a combination of firmness and bareness which is not uncongenial to the Greek temper, but the advantage is lost through the plethora of romanticized modern sentiment. With good will we might coax ourselves to believe that the vessel was antique, if the liquor that filled it were less indisputably modern. The author is best in lyrics, and one of these, a chorus in the first act, which adheres to Greek motives, has an urn-like symmetry and distinction. Taken all in all, however, Mr. Grant shows the trouble in store for the man who, essentially lyrical in temper and modern in feeling, attempts to write poetry under the double handicap of the dramatic form and the Hellenic setting.

"The Ride Home," by Florence Wilkinson Evans, is a volume of 383 pages, which looks like a collection of reprints. It falls into three groups: First, the poems in "The City" on practical or sordid subjects popularly classed as unpoetical; second, the travel poems; third, "The Marriage of Guineth," a one-act tragedy in blank verse, of Celtic theme, of which Mr. W. B. Yeats is evidently the prompter. The first group exhibits some pointed motives, but fails to show that overplus, that double charge, of imagination which is needed, in such themes, to offset the predisposition to a prosaic attitude, a predisposition which counts twice because it affects both author and reader. Of the travel verses, little else can be said than that they are the ingenious and brightly colored simulacra of poems, satisfactory only to those who are content to imagine that they feel. In the drama, the suspense dies of too much nursing.

The "Brunelleschi" of John Galen How-

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ard is an artistic monologue of the Browningesque type (Brunelleschi loquitur) expanded to 1,837 lines, and adapted to three successive views or outlooks upon Florence, from the artist's chamber at dawn, from the hollow of the Duomo at noon, and from San Miniato at night. There are grave faults in the style, traceable mainly to the popular delusion that the only defence against that insidious foe, the commonplace, is impropriety or affectation, or, in other words, that the first step towards a mastery of English is the repudiation of its vocabulary. But the compensations are significant. There is a speed and sonority in the lines which makes them agreeable as they stand, and which, in purer English, would be really enjoyable. The main excellence, however, is a certain heat and vigor in the conception of Brunelleschi which makes him fully half-alive (in the "Dead City" of contemporary verse half-measures of vitality are welcome) and the presence of sparkles of animation even in the artist's lightly sketched compatriots. Mr. Howard has much to learn and to unlearn, but he has put beyond question his right to try again.

"Out of Bondage" contains much better poems than might fairly be presupposed from the luxurious letter-press and the attitudinizing preface. The best of them lack neither intellectual and emotional substance nor imaginative force; somewhat austere, even grim at times, the writer shows a particular fitness for thoughtful and massive themes which finds an apt second in a command of grave and weighty measures. In contrast with the indirections and sinuosities of our epoch, the reader is pleasantly conscious of a frank, face-to-face utterance which suggests that, while the verses have been tended, as all good verses are and must be, they have not been cockered. The following lyric, called "The Long Time," though too conventional in theme to be typical, illustrates the author's capacity fairly well:

Though years pass by and fortune does not come,
  Let us not question why is joy so late;
While birds are singing we may well be dumb;
  While roses blossom, Dearest, we can wait.

The fields of life are wide and full of grain;
  Let us turn back from peering through the gate,
And help to load the common harvest wain;
  If we are helping others, we can wait.

The earth is dreary and its paths are rough;
  Crooked they are; fall to and make them straight
And point out pitfalls! There is time enough;
  The while we serve we can forget we wait.

Then, when the noontide comes, and afternoon,
  And we look up and see it growing late,
Behind the sunset hangs the little moon;
  Till the night comes, Beloved, we can wait.

Mr. Walter Conrad Arensberg is an exasperating person—exasperating in a degree impossible to any person who is not at the same time half-captivating. His faults and virtues conspire to make him unforgettable. The list of Frenchmen whose poems he has translated—Ronsard, Du Bellay, De Musset, Baudelaire, Murger, each once; Laforgue, Mallarmé, de Nerval, each twice; Verlaine five times—is a half-description and a half-critique of his original lyrics. He is a pupil of the Symbolists, freely assimilative of their merits, and, as Shakespeare would say, duteous to their vices. The strain that he puts upon human intelligence is both complimentary and oppressive, and he is fond of tying up his construction in hard knots which repeat themselves in the foreheads of his readers. But the primary defect of these poems is the want, so to speak, of a signature, of a definite human being responsible for their genuineness. Here is a fine sensibility, here is a fine accomplishment, wandering about in melancholy quest of a man or soul who will give them shelter and employment. But not all these faults, with occasional affectation and cheapness superadded, disturb the reader's conviction that Mr. Arensberg is a man who cannot be put aside either with a buffet or a caress. For pure sound what can exceed the following quatrain?

What hath He made of thee,
  More to be blest?
What of the braid of thee,
  What of the breast?

He can rise by moments to sheer magnificence:

Nor trust the sad security of sleep,
Nor rest the ageless watching of their eyes.

We add a little poem, "Autumn Wind," not for exceptional merit, but because the first stanza illustrates his rich expressiveness, the second his frequent ooziness or insalubrity, and the two together his uncertainty:

The birds drift over the autumnal sky
Like frail and fallen leaves across a lawn,
And the unmitigating winds have drawn
Out of their chant a shivering shaken cry.

The winds have wrecked the gleaming sails of day
And they have made a sorrow of the air—
Wild winds, that are as streaming as the hair
Of girls that wait the drowned by the bay.

In the flying and filmy verse of the lyrics of Irish setting in Mr. Scollard's latest volume, there is a touch of love, a touch of landscape, a shimmer of pathos, a vestige of primitive religion, all softened and attenuated like the images of woods and rocks in the vague under-world of the lake or river. The effect is mildly agreeable, and the poetry, being essentially light, is the better for the fact that both its materials and its spell are obvious; the tenuous is intolerable when complex. Repetition is prettily employed in the two stanzas that follow:

What is that shimmering line of white
Gliding under the stark midnight—
  Gliding—gliding—gliding—gliding—
Where the river gleams when the moon is bright?

There is never a sound save the night-bird's cry,
And the languid water lapsing by—
  Lapsing—lapsing—lapsing—lapsing
Under the arch of a leaden sky.

In "The Shadow of Ætna," by Louis V. Ledoux, we meet with a prettiness which is distinguishable from the omnipresent prettiness only by a shy gentleness or meek suavity of tone. Two stanzas may be cited for lyric animation:

Heart of a bird! Heart of a bird!
  O, the wild, white cranes are free;
But the heart of man is the song unheard
  That the sea-winds sing to the sea.

What have you more that I have had
  From the winds and the sun and the sea?
Is the heart of a bird like a man's heart sad
  And crying ceaselessly?

In Katharine Howard's "Eve," the most primitive of legends, that of Adam and his wife, is applied to the illustration of the most ultra-modern of causes and doctrines, woman's suffrage and eugenics. The form is dimly rhythmical and vaguely dramatic, and the meanings peer at us from a mist—sometimes deepening to a murk—of allegory. The boldness of the conception and the sincerity that points to a personality behind the book entitle the work to a respectful mention in these columns.

The anthology continues to flourish, or at least to multiply. The "Selected Poems" of Whittier is a volume of convenient form and of discriminating taste in every point except the point of quantity. The object of selection is to reduce bulk and heighten quality, and mere arithmetic would seem to show that, in a collection of 189 poems, the accomplishment of neither object could be strikingly successful. Miss Rittenhouse's "Little Book of American Verse" is a competent selection of lyrics from contemporary or recent singers in America. The wise reader will feel that it is less to the purpose to be saddened by the absence, or the paucity, of memorable work in this collection than to rejoice in the convincing evidence it offers of the existence in America of a large class of thoughtful, delicate, and accomplished persons who enrich, if they do not glorify, a nation. Most American scholars and men of letters would probably derive more pleasure from Miss Rittenhouse's little volume than from all but one or two of the very best Elizabethan miscellanies and songbooks. The afflatus, it is true, is less marked, but it is a fair question whether thoughtfulness, interest, and accomplishment, with reduced inspiration, do not constitute better literature than inspiration which works monotonously in a not very extended field of not very elevated topics. One is scarcely bound to modify this estimate materially in passing from Miss Rittenhouse's "Little Book" to Mr. Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse," which confines itself to the year 1913. The book contains forty-seven select poems, a longer list of titles of "distinctive" poems, and a brief, enthusiastic prefatory essay on the poetry of 1913 in general. Mr. Braithwaite emphasizes the merits of Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's latest volume and of Mahlon Leonard Fisher's sonnet, "November." Mr. Fisher's sonnet is entitled to about half of what the rapt critic says in

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its behoof—which is another way of saying that its merits are striking.

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson has given to the public a fourth edition of his collected poems, to which the delicately tinted ode on Saint-Gaudens and the enheartening "Vision of Gettysburg" have been added. Dr. Herbert Warren, president of Magdalen College, Oxford, has republished in pamphlet form a lecture on Robert Bridges, of which the outstanding traits are a fine literary gourmandise and a winning mixture of respect and fondness. Mr. G. S. Gordon, of the University of Leeds, has prepared an edition of "Richard II," the purpose of which is "to gain readers for Shakespeare"; believing that the text should not be smothered in the wrappage, he compresses his introduction into six pages and his notes into eighteen.

Books and Men

ALICE IN WESTCHESTER.

He was a weary-looking little person, and might have posed before a newspaper cartoonist as that imaginary being, the Tired Business Man. He stepped slowly off the 5:34, and began a deliberate progress across the small park which makes that particular railway station different from all others in the world. There is a path bordered with pink and white altheas—three months ago it was similarly decorated with Cherokee roses. Through this he walked, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, and came out on the grassplot near the banks of the Bronx River. There is a "rustic" bridge, a waterfall, a tiny, wooded island—I said it was an unusual railway station!

The moment he reached the bridge some one stepped out from behind an althea bush and said: "Please don't get into the picture!" He peered at her under his hat-brim, and then made a vague motion in the air in front of his eyes and peered again. She was in brilliant red from head to foot, there was no doubt of that. Her skirt seemed to be made of three or four bright red automobile tires, decreasing in circumference as they rose from her ankles to her waist. She wore a red shawl, and carried a long sceptre. On her head was a veritable crown, of the same brilliant hue.

If you have been steeped in business cares all day, if you have been gorging the war news for forty minutes on the train, you are ill-prepared to confront such a woman. Ordinarily, people do not dress in that way in quiet towns less than twenty miles from the city. So the man was confused. He made an inarticulate sound of inquiry. The woman repeated, briskly, "Please do not get into the picture!" But still the man hesitated, made queer noises in his throat, pinched himself, and made gestures with his right hand as if he were trying to drive away a swarm of gnats dancing in front of his face. The situation was altogether beyond him.

It was the complete failure of the practical life. Because he insisted on living in a world of fact, prided himself on remembering that this is the year 1914, that Woodrow Wilson is President of the United States, that business is going to the dogs on account of the war, and a number of other unimportant truths of that sort—it was because of just that attitude that he was absolutely helpless, absurd, pitiable. Any seven-year-old child would have been well poised by comparison. Any grown-up who had lived with a decent regard for foolishness, who had eschewed the awful career of fact, would have been at home in an instant. For such a one would have exclaimed: "Why, it's the Red Queen! Where is Alice, I wonder?"

Alice was near at hand. The White Knight was bidding her good-by, just down the little slope! Then he rode away (towards Farrell's drug-store!) tumbling off, first on one side and then on the other, in quite the proper fashion. As for Alice—"a very few steps brought her to the edge of the brook" (the Bronx River).

"The Eighth Square at last," she cried as she bounded across and threw herself down to rest. . . . "Oh, how glad I am to get here! And what is this on my head?" she exclaimed in a tone of dismay, as she put her hands up to something very heavy, that fitted tight all around her head.

"But how *can* it have got there without my knowing it?" she said, as she lifted it off, and set it on her lap to make out what it could possibly be.

It was a golden crown.

And all the time the stage-manager, or whatever he is called, stood behind a tree, on the little island near Alice, and the man with the moving-picture machine kept the handle of his apparatus in motion.

The puzzled man was still puzzled, and staring. Presently the White Rabbit, in all his majesty, walked out from behind a tree. Now, the White Rabbit is simply one of the most delectable personages in literature. By rights, he had no business here, for this was "Through the Looking Glass," and the Rabbit belongs, of course, in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." But who would find fault, when he came in full feather, or, rather, full fur—ears, tail, and whiskers, coat of loud checks, waistcoat, watch and chain, Gladstonian collar, and all? He walked over to help the Red Queen keep the business man from crossing the bridge until that film was taken. His help was not needed. The appearance of the Red Queen, and a glimpse of the White Knight as he rode away, falling off every few steps, had sufficiently perturbed the stranger. The approach of the Rabbit was the last straw, and the man retreated.

Then the Rabbit and the Red Queen came over to us. The Rabbit remarked that it was a hot day for furs, and the Red Queen said that it was a nuisance to have a costume you couldn't sit down in. (Look her up in the book, and you will understand the difficulties which Sir John Tenniel prepared for this actress). The 5:50 came into the station, and the stage manager declared that there would soon be too much of a crowd and that the light was getting bad, into the bargain. So he helped Alice off the Eighth Square, while the Rabbit hurried over to the baggage-room, to get into more matter-of-fact clothes.

It is hard to agree with the folk who see nothing but sensation and danger in the moving pictures. It is true that the March Hare told me that already, somewhere out West, they are enacting the battles in Belgium before the cinematograph. The Kaiser is there, moustache and all, and so is Gen. von Moltke and Gen. Joffre. These are painful things. But to step off the 5:34, in your own suburban town, and find the White Rabbit and the Red Queen awaiting you! Does that not add a new pleasure to life?

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

JAMES ADAIR'S "HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS."

In the year 1775, two London booksellers, Edward and Charles Dilly, "in the Poultry," published a quarto volume, "The History of the American Indians," by James Adair, who had been—so reads the wordy title-page—"a Trader with the Indians, and Resident in their Country for Forty Years." The book is still in great demand and highly regarded, in spite of the author's peculiar ideas respecting the origin of the American Indians.

In his preface, Adair remarks that he had been engaged in the Indian trade since 1735; and, what is more interesting from a bibliographical point of view, that the greater part of the book was written while "among our old friendly Chikkasah," with whom he first traded in 1744. He laments that the work was written under many difficulties, being, as he was, separated from "the conversation of the learned," and from libraries. Furthermore, Adair was frequently interrupted by the exigencies of trade, and often compelled to conceal his manuscript from the jealous natives, who were suspicious of all papers. But the author does not intimate, neither is it generally known, that he endeavored to publish his book by subscription as early as 1769. In the *Georgia Gazette* (Savannah) of October 11, 1769, will be found an item about Adair, dated New York, February 27—possibly copied from a New York paper of that date—in which it is stated that "he intends going to Europe in the ensuing summer, where he proposes to print the Essays"—meaning his work on the American Indians. The same newspaper, issue of November 1, 1769, printed the following "Proposals":

Proposals for printing by Subscription, Essays on the Origin, History, Language, Religion, and religious Rites, Priests or Magi, Customs, Civil Policy, Methods of declaring and carrying on War, and of making Peace, Military Laws, Agriculture, Buildings, Exercises, Sports, Marriage and Funeral Ceremonies, Habits, Diet, Temper, Manners, &c of the Indians on the Continent of North America, particularly of the several Nations or Tribes of the Catawbas, Cherokees, Creeks, Chickesaws, and Choctaws, inhabiting the Western Parts of the Colonies of Virginia, North and

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South-Carolina, and Georgia. Also some Account of the Countries, Description of uncommon Animals, &c, interspersed with useful Observations relating to the Advantages arising to Britain from her Trade with those Indians; of the best Methods of managing them, and of conciliating their Affections, and thereby extending the said Trade. Also several interesting Anecdotes Collected in a Residence of the great Part of 33 Years among the Indians themselves,

By James Adair.

Conditions. The Work will be comprised in two Octavo Volumes, and be put to Press in London as soon as a sufficient Number of Subscriptions are obtained, and will be printed on a good Paper, with Letter entirely new.

The Price to Subscribers will be two Spanish Dollars, one of which to be paid at the Time of subscribing, and the other on the Delivery of the Books.

Subscriptions are taken in by the Printer of this Gazette.

It is not unlikely that the proposed book was advertised in other newspapers of the day. But, like Capt. Jonathan Carver, who later plagiarized portions of this work, Adair appears to have been compelled to go to London to find a publisher. And, like Carver, if he went "to Europe in the ensuing summer" (1769), he was forced to defer publication for a number of years after reaching the great metropolis. Meanwhile, I wonder if Adair and Carver met in England and talked over their experiences in the wilderness, and the difficulties encountered in getting a book published by subscription, particularly in America? If Adair went to England, this is not at all improbable. Charles Dilly, still carrying on his business "in the Poultry," was one of the publishers of the third, and best, edition of Carver's "Travels" (London, 1781).

JOHN THOMAS LEE.

Correspondence

A MARITIME PEACE LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The first idea towards creating a naval police force in order to maintain peace among the Powers, by the eventual menace of a blockade and ensuing famine, was put forward, I believe, by M. Van Vollenhoven, professor at the Leyden University. But his plan seemed quite impossible to realize, being founded on the principle that every Power should put *a part* of its naval forces in the hands of the executive committee at The Hague. A much simpler method can be devised, and, I am firmly convinced, would meet with no difficulty. Suppose that the United States, England, France, and Russia should agree—without precluding further adhesions—that every international difficulty, of whatever kind, between white men, should be submitted to the tribunal of The Hague; further, that any Power refusing at a given time to submit to this agreement, should be declared *outlaw* and all her shipping stopped, all her ports blockaded by the united squadrons of the Maritime Peace League. What country, in this rather overpeopled world, could resist such a pressure for more than a fortnight? Before shipping would be resumed, the guilty country would have to pay all the costs resulting from the action of the Maritime Peace League. Is that not very easy to understand, and will any one say that it is utopian?

S. REINACH.
Member of the French Institute.

Paris, France, August 1.

THE MOST WICKED OF WARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I intended last week to ask you to thank some *Nation* writer for a phrase which has been ringing in my ears—"the most awful and most wicked of wars." Last night I read the *Nation's* article "The Real Crime against Germany," and now I must send my thanks this morning.

I suppose that every man who has spent as much as one semester in a German university must say "Amen and amen" as he reads the article. It is so horrible and so useless and wicked that the imagination refuses to work on it. To think of that beautiful land torn by the destruction of war; and to think of those earnest, lovable, naïve, high-minded young fellows who sat on the same benches and bent over the same seminar tables with me being slaughtered like sheep—and for nothing! The mere waste, not merely of money, and not merely of ordinary life, but of highly trained intelligence and scientific devotion, is appalling. I cannot even comfort myself with the idea so widely expressed, that it will be repaid by wiping out autocracy, and making future wars impossible. I fear that autocracy will not be wiped out; and, whatever the result of the war, it seems to me that another is inevitable. If the Entente win, Russia will have to be checked; if Germany wins, the Government will become utterly intolerable.

Is it too much to hope that this will at least end the infernal—I use the word advisedly—talk of "insurance against war"? Surely this land, so blessed by its geographical situation, will see the futility of such arguments, and will rally to the man who has held up such a lofty ideal before it. I suppose we have all thanked God many times that Roosevelt was not in the chair. I am fanciful enough to do so again now. I do not see how we can be involved, but I believe if it were possible he would do it.

A FORMER STUDENT IN GERMANY.

Athens, Ga., August 15.

"MADE IN GERMANY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apart from our citizens of German birth or German descent, the public opinion of the United States seems to be decidedly against Germany in the struggle ushered in by her own declaration of war against Russia. This attitude is dictated neither by any love of the Russian colossus nor by a dislike of the German people, who are highly respected and admired for their achievements in business, science, education, literature, and music. But as a nation we do protest against the doctrine of militarism as preached and practiced by his Majesty William II. We are well aware that the great burden of armaments is due primarily to the excessive military establishment of Germany, and we are reasonably sure that the present war is being fought because William II felt the moment opportune to attain certain long-cherished ambitions. For these and perhaps other reasons, American public opinion not only desires the defeat of the German armies, but believes that their Government has been overtaken by midsummer madness in throwing down the gauntlet to the Triple Entente and its subsidiaries. From our point of view, two considerations should have staved the Kaiser's hand. First, the mobilization of his huge army has dislocated the magnificent industrial system built up since 1870, and likely enough made difficult the harvesting of the crops, for which it has been necessary in recent years to import hundreds of thousands of Poles and Russians not now available. Secondly, by the challenge to England, Germany has placed her mercantile marine at the mercy of British cruisers, forfeited her overseas markets for perhaps a generation, endangered the fleet upon which she has lavished so many millions, and given England the chance to pick up the scattered German colonies in Africa and the Pacific, which, indeed, has already happened in the case of Togoland.

Without pretending to possess the imperial confidence, one may suggest certain reasons why the Kaiser has by his actions belied his much-vaunted love of peace. To begin with, the advance of social democracy in the Fatherland has aroused not only his animosity but his fears. Any student of German politics knows how the whole existing system has been called in question by the force which gathers strength at each new election. Personal government, militarism, protection, and an aggressive imperialism have been repudiated by a third of the German voters, who dislike the excessive burden of taxation and resent their political impotence. The fact that the property levy intended to finance the last increase of the army yielded only two-thirds of what was expected is significant; so also is the facility with which the Social Democrats mustered more than a thousand witnesses anxious to testify to the cruelties of army officers to their men. Why not dispose of these "grumblers" (the Kaiser's own word) by appealing to the military spirit of the nation, and by parading the war as one of defence, make it appear that the Empire was in jeopardy?

This old device of governments pestered by internal difficulties would be particularly suited to the German situation because the upper and middle classes have been educated into the belief that a mere rattle of the German sabre would send foreign monarchs and hostile Governments into fits of terror and abject obedience. Professors in the state-controlled universities, publicists of the *Flottenverein* and the *Alldeutscherbund,* an inspired press, and an exaggerated worship of the uniform have convinced a sober, intelligent, and industrious people that the world depends on the beck and nod of the Kaiser, and that they, his subjects, are the chosen people, to whom all things are possible. And in addition the conviction has grown—how justly cannot be discussed here—that the Fatherland has received harsh treatment at the hands of its rivals. That Russia seeks to block the *Drang nach Osten,* that France and England are constantly increasing their own vast empires, while Germany gets little or nothing, that the British fleet has been concentrated in the North Sea to carry out a surprise attack on Hamburg and the Kiel Canal, that France has been planning a war of revenge—these and a host of other grievances have been assiduously ventilated till, as was recently pointed out in the *Nation,* the temper of the German people has more than once been a danger to the peace of Europe. Dr. Paul Rohrbach's "Der Deutsche Gedanke in der Welt" may be recommended as a moderate statement of German ambitions;

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but one will search in vain in his or other writings for any admission that German diplomacy may possibly have given offence to other nations, and thus defeated its own ends.

As a matter of fact, Germany's position is difficult enough. The country is fast becoming a replica of England. Food is imported in increasing quantity, and for their raw materials German manufacturers are more and more dependent upon the produce of other nations and their colonies. Thus the great steel plants of Westphalia receive much of their iron from the mines in eastern France, which in German eyes is the most important aspect of Franco-German relations, and silk, cotton, and wool all have to be imported, to suggest a few other items. Germans want a sure source of supply for these materials of their industrial life, and more markets for their manufactured articles. In other words, they desire colonies, and compared with the enormous possessions of England, France, and Russia, German Southeast and Southwest Africa, the Cameroons, Togoland, and a few islands in the Pacific are insignificant. Germans decline to admit the contention of Sir H. H. Johnston (in "Common Sense in Foreign Policy") that these lands have been but indifferently exploited; they point out that the population of Germany is greater than that of France or of the white-peopled dominions of the British Crown, and that the German emigrant who demands an agreeable climate cannot settle in a land ruled by the Kaiser's Government. Nor has it escaped Germany's attention that France and Russia have more or less excluded competitors from their preserves, that the British Empire may possibly form a customs union, and that German trade is no longer expanding at that rate which, a few years ago, gave such a shock to easy-going England and conservative France.

The fact that the desirable lands of the world already belong to other peoples may, according to Germany, be ignored in the face of her army and her growing navy; expansion or decay is the alternative which leaves the German nation but one choice. General von Bernhardi, in his "Germany and the Next War," put the case in a nutshell when he said that the great objective of German diplomacy must be to shuffle the cards so that France and England would declare war on Germany, who would thus be enabled, by right and might, to despoil the aggressors at the close of a victorious campaign. This doctrine is the more intelligible if we recognize that the vast sums expended on the army and navy have produced no returns of the kind desired. The very fact that her military strength prevented other nations from attacking Germany was all the more galling because, as long as peace was maintained, time was working not for Germany but for her rivals. The collapse of Turkey, the reorganization of Russia, the growing unity of the British Empire, and the increasing efficiency of the French army were slowly removing the political advantages hitherto enjoyed by Germany. Therefore the latter must strike for her altars and her fires before the odds became overwhelming.

In July, 1914, the general situation seemed unusually favorable for the success of German policy. France was still unsettled after the election of a new Chamber of Deputies and the excitement of the Caillaux trial; an official report had cast doubts upon the supposed perfection of her military machine. Russia, apart from serious strke complications, was not ready for war; so Dr. Rohrbach, in the July issue of the *Revue Politique Internationale*. Should England participate in the Continental war, the outlook would be different. But Germany had high hopes of procuring British neutrality. The long naval rivalry had been considerably appeased by Admiral von Tirpitz's acceptance of a ratio of 16 to 10 in the matter of Dreadnoughts, the negotiations about the Bagdad railway and other political disputes were practically concluded, and the animosity between the two peoples had to a large extent burnt itself out. Moreover, England was facing the probability of civil war in Ireland.

The resolution with which the British Government, in conformity with its treaty obligations and its interests, championed the neutrality of Belgium is believed to have caused intense surprise in Berlin. But the Germans have never understood the English party system, which is merely a device for affording an outlet for the combative spirits of Englishmen, and does not allow personal ambitions to override national interests. The Liberal opposition to the Boer War was dictated by peculiar circumstances quite different from the conditions of 1914, even if recent events had not shown that Great Britain would never tolerate an attack on France. It is quite clear that Germany was willing to forego a maritime attack on France as the price of British neutrality; while Sir Edward Grey's statement suggests that Britain was prepared to keep out of the struggle if the neutrality of Belgium were respected. The *Realpolitik*, so dear to German hearts, should have counselled moderation, but Prince Bülow has admitted in his "Imperial Germany" that the Germans do not understand the fine art of politics. A glance at the map of Africa will reveal how the Belgian Congo lies between the German possessions on the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans; by involving Belgium in the conflict and by taking for granted that she would make no resistance Germany would have an excuse for demanding some or all of the Belgian Congo, and perhaps annex Belgium herself, thereby procuring an outlet on the English Channel. National jaundice outran discretion, as is further illustrated by the assumption that Italy would fight with her allies.

In this connection, the decision of Portugal to support "her ancient ally," Britain, is instructive. The Germans have long desired to acquire Angola and Mozambique, and it is believed that a kind of an agreement for this was made with England in 1898. But the condition was imposed that the transfer should be with the free will of Portugal, and since then Great Britain has renewed the old treaty of alliance, by which she guarantees the integrity of the Portuguese possessions. Evidently Portugal is suspicious of German intentions.

But however fully the German case may be stated, and I have not entered into the diplomatic preliminaries of the war, the fact remains that Germany declared war. This in large measure justifies all that the French and English jingoes, so much condemned by rational people, have said in recent years. They have asserted that the Bismarckian spirit still guided German diplomacy, that the neutrality of Belgium was only a paper guarantee, that the German legions would be sent forth without warning, and that the rest of Europe would unite in self-defence against the War Lord. Well, the Germans have never denied most of the indictment, but they probably did not believe in the reality of a European coalition, apparently forgetting the fate of Louis XIV and Napoleon. Prince Bülow has told us that an attack on Russia would give France the chance "to wage her war of revenge under favorable circumstances"; that nothing should be allowed to make "an irremediable breach between [Germany] and England," and that "the moment the firm foundation constituted by Germany's position as a great European Power begins to totter, the whole fabric of [her] world-policy will collapse." Germany has rejected the advice of her fourth Chancellor, with what results time will reveal.

BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT.

Western Reserve University, Cleveland, O., August 20.

THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your reply to Professor Geiser's letter you again make much of "the fact that Germany refused to take part in the conference proposed by Sir Edward Grey." How could the German Emperor and his ministers, influenced by the motives which ordinarily guide and shape human action, well do otherwise than refuse at a time when the Czar was refusing to discontinue mobilization? Was Germany to forego the advantage of superior preparation for a conflict which seemed bound to come?

Permit me to call your attention to the following extracts from the correspondence lately published which passed between the Emperor and the Czar before the outbreak of hostilities. The Kaiser among other things wrote as follows:

"The peace of Europe can still be maintained by thee if Russia decides to cease her military measures which threaten Germany and Austria-Hungary." To this the Czar replied: "It is technically impossible to discontinue our military operations."

It seems to me that instead of the Kaiser rushing into war "in hot haste," as you charged in a former issue, you are yourself acting "in hot haste" and quite contrary to your usual calm and deliberate methods in making the charge. It is simply impossible at the present time to fix the responsibility for the war, and it may in my humble opinion prove a difficult task for the future *impartial* historian to do so. PHILIP STEIN.

Chicago, August 22.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When President Wilson called upon his fellow-countrymen, with single-heartedness for the common good, to keep themselves neutral in thought, word, and act, he called for what is as difficult as it is essential; indescribably difficult for the foreign-born American, essential to the continuance of American peace and America's ultimate ability to give the help she would to the now warring nations of Europe.

When, two days ago, after the President's appeal for neutrality on the part of all American citizens, "German Day," a day set apart for a hundred thousand Germans in the city of Chicago, to meet and show loyalty to their fatherland, was called off, and the large sums collected for the celebration were devoted to the general fund for aiding the wounded—

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when these Chicago Germans did this thing they proved their understanding of the sacred character of citizenship, their real respect for the President of the United States, and that strong love of humanity for which, as a people, they have so long been famous.

ALFRED M. BROOKS.

Bloomington, Ind., August 21.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The breaking out of the all-European war has been the particularly favorable occasion for a chorus of anti-monarchical sentiment on this side of the Atlantic. On all sides we hear that the ambition and greed of three men is to be held responsible for this sacrifice and slaughter of millions, and that whatever the outcome of the war may be, one result at least which may be predicted with certainty is the destruction of the monarchical system.

Now let us keep our heads in this matter, though all Europe be mad! Whatever views one may entertain of the merits of republicanism or the demerits of monarchism, or of the personal qualities of William, Francis Joseph, and Nicholas, the one essential fact that must be admitted is the fact of the militarism of the mob. Can any one seriously imagine that the aged Austrian monarch would of his own free will choose war rather than peace to crown the closing years of his earthly life? And whatever we may think of William of Germany, he is but the admired leader of a host of warriors, eager to show their prowess against their rivals to the west and east. Would the Czar's life be worth a ruble if he should refuse to go to the defence of the Slavs of the south? Could the Government of republican France stay the hands of the people itching to revenge themselves for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine? Could a Ministry at Downing Street survive for a single day a refusal to support France and Belgium against the enemy?

No more tiresome political fallacy exists than that which universally condemns monarchism, and never has its absurdity been more evident than in the comments of the press on the causes of the present war. It is the animal passions of men that drive men to war, and presidents, kings, and emperors alike are powerless against them.

J. S. MOORE.

Cleveland, Ohio, August 15.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorials in the *Nation* regarding the responsibilities in the war met with such complete approval of even German Chicagoans that I wish to let you know. I am here this summer to teach during the summer quarter, and see many professors at the Quadrangle Club. It is the general opinion that you hit the nail right on the head. The distinction between Germany as a nation and the Germany of militarism must be emphasized all the more since the Kaiser's party try so hard to make the world forget it.

There is only one thing before which the Kaiser will stop now: this is public opinion. He has shown it conclusively already. To create this public opinion in America, the *Nation* can help tremendously.

Permit me to express my warm approval of your campaign which distinguishes between the two Germanies.

A. SCHINZ.

Chicago, August 21.

Literature

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Religious Confessions and Confessants. By Anna Robeson Burr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

This is a book of pivotal importance. Five years ago its author—a kinswoman of the late Henry C. Lea—published a remarkable study of "The Autobiography," in which she analyzed and classified several hundred specimens of autobiographic revelations. Now she goes deeper still—to the very bases, indeed, of individual convictions—and investigates the origin, character, and significance of religious experiences.

This she does through the testimony given by large groups of men, women, and children who have recorded those experiences. Borrowing from Bacon the word "confessant," instead of using the ambiguous form, "confessor," she studies the life-story of each person as carefully as the content of his confession. She is as patient and as dispassionate as a botanist, but she is thoroughly sympathetic, and ever conscious of the truth of her motto taken from John Webster:

> O this gloomy world!
> In what a shadow or deep pit of darkness
> Doth womanish and fearful mankind live!

After an introductory chapter, in which Mrs. Burr shows that the subject is most difficult, because it is religion, she discusses the general nature of confessions and apologias. Of auricular confession she has little to say, beyond noticing the fact that the priesthood early discovered its efficacy as a means for riveting their authority on the faithful. Her concern is to trace the steps by which confessants came to feel more and more strongly the impulse to make a written record of their experiences; and she is quick to discern how often the instinct of literary expression is interwoven with the religious.

Having sufficiently treated confessions as a *genre*, Mrs. Burr gives in a masterly summary of seventy pages a survey of introspection and the introspective type. Here, too, she follows the evolutionary process, beginning with the earlier human beings who never looked within because they were not conscious that there was anything there to interest them, and going on to animism and to the gradual budding of self-consciousness, until in recent times she reaches full-blown subjectivity and the Ego running riot. For each of these stages, after literary expression was reached, she cites typical examples. How she observes and how nicely she discriminates appears at every turn. One has only to read her brief dissection of "Shelley's hasty and tumultuous mind"; or of Dante as "an outward-looking, rather than an inward-looking, mind," or of Newman, whose "real springs of thought and action are studiously concealed, and thus his candor is seen to be as slight as his introspective power"; or of Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis," in order to test her critical insight.

The main body of her work contains a description or epitome of many score confessions: the "documents" on which any study of the manifestation of the religious instinct through confessions must rest. It is impossible here to touch upon the topics which Mrs. Burr examines. She devotes large space to the phenomenon of conversion; she discusses the previous and subsequent state of converts; she investigates the unpardonable sin, delusions concerning witchcraft, possession by devils, and all the other perversions or concomitants of this experience.

The importance of the results of her investigation is due to the truly scientific method which she employs. Until the last half-century it was usually taken for granted that the reputed saints and famous converts saw visions, performed miracles, and led abnormal lives through the direct interposition of God. They were extra-human, if not superhuman, unamenable to natural laws, and, therefore, above the scope of criticism. Even William James, in his stimulating study of "Varieties of Religious Experience," seemed inclined to emphasize the *exceptional* character of the examples under consideration; and this is not to be wondered at, because James in his Pragmatist period tended more and more to minimize or ignore the laws which bind mankind in one common system, and to exaggerate the differences which separate one individual from another and make each person a law unto himself.

But Mrs. Burr, instead of picking out a few startling examples, and deducing from them the agency of the supernatural, takes hundreds of cases, analyzes them minutely, and shows how they all fall into two or three classes, and how the difference between the highest and the lowest is one of degree and not of kind. This is fundamental. It brings the experiences of Paul, Augustin, and Teresa, of George Fox and John Bunyan, under the same reign of law as their humblest followers. Her examination of St. Paul's conversion, for instance, is not merely plausible, but sufficient, making as little use of the explanation by miracle of the theologians as of Renan's coincidence of thunderstorm and ophthalmia.

The usual process of conversion consists of three stages—depression, conversion, and reaction; and nothing can be predicated of the creed which the converts embrace; since, after passing through similar experiences, one may come out a Mormon, another a Methodist, and a third a Roman Catholic. Mrs. Burr presents testimony that proves in how large a number of cases religious confessants are either permanently defective in health or subject to periodical pathological lapses. Among the striking features which she notes is the frequent ineffectualness of even spectacular conversions. Not only does the mental capacity often deteriorate, but there is no enduring gain in either the moral or religious nature. Nor is backsliding rare.

Not less important than the conclusions

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which Mrs. Burr arrives at through her analysis of the data of conversions is her interpretation of Mysticism. Her eighth chapter may well serve as the first onslaught in the battle which shall put to rout the hordes of neo-mystics, who have been for twenty years past undermining respect for law and reason. Their assertions may be summed up in the bastard syllogism: "Science has gone bankrupt; therefore, Mysticism must be the true solution." We may regard latter-day mysticism either as a symptom of mental lassitude or as a sign of religious enfeeblement—evidence in both cases of a lack of courage to look facts squarely in the face. When we find that Paris Syndicalists, who would destroy society, and the most conservative of orthodox religionists, who would plunge it back into mediævalism, appeal equally to M. Bergson's formulation of Mysticism for their warrant, we realize how far this blight has spread.

Here, again, Mrs. Burr pursues the scientific method, discovering, first, the personal equation of each mystic; next, examining the things which he is reported to have seen, done, or said; and, finally, drawing what conclusions the data support. She traces Christian Mysticism to a well-known passage in the ninth book of Augustin's "Confessions."

"Upon these great 'ifs' of Augustin," she says, "*if* the tumult of the flesh were hushed, and *if* we could hear God's voice—and *if* his word continued on and blotted out all else—and *if* all life might be like that one 'moment of understanding'—the imagination of the Middle Ages built a new heaven and a new hell" (p. 352).

She follows, historically, through its significant variations, the mystical process, always bearing in mind what was considered *normal* in any given age. She demonstrates that, contrary "to the general impression, fostered by so many of the theories now in vogue," "mysticism and mystical phenomena" do *not* "in themselves argue a high degree of religious or of moral development." In a word, mysticism is reversion to a lower type. Her scrupulous veracity, joined with a very delicate ability to distinguish differences, keeps her from confusing the ideally normal of one epoch with that of another.

In her study of introspection, confessions, and mysticism, Mrs. Burr has relied chiefly, and properly, on Christian evidence, drawing her documents from Early Christian, from Roman Catholic, from Protestant, and from Mormon sources; although occasionally she refers to an Old Testament example, and she uses with effect the confession of the Oriental, Al-Ghazzāli. For the concluding portion of her work, however, in which she investigates the religious instinct, she turns to anthropology to disclose the origins of modern phenomena. Her reading in this field is wide and judicious; she has absorbed not only Tyler, Frazer, and the other authorities, but monographists of special customs and practices.

With unflinching hand, she withdraws the curtain and lets us see the barbaric, or even bestial, ancestry and kinship of many beliefs and rites held sacred by modern worshippers. She shows how "fear is the main constituent of all survivals"; and she upholds with what seem to us formidable arguments the proposition that "*the theory of animistic revival fully accounts for all the more perplexing features of the religious experience.*" (The italics are the reviewer's.)

Equally impressive is her demonstration that religion is the product of *both* the emotional and the rational elements in human personality—a fact which disentangles many perplexities, including the anomaly so often observed that intensely emotional religion has little or no effect in promoting righteous conduct. How far psychological suggestion accounts for the states described by the ecstatics is made clear; and Mrs. Burr is assuredly sound when she concludes that "in most natures a religious conversion no more changes the original elements of good and evil in the subject than a wave changes the constituency of the water through which it moves" (p. 484).

Though Mrs. Burr avails herself of all the aid psychology can give her, she is very far from accepting the medical-materialist solution of religious phenomena, and she constantly distinguishes between proved facts and theory in the field of psychology. Among other matters deserving special mention is her treatment of personality itself as a "nebula." It is impossible to escape the conclusion that, with the advance of science, such phenomena as are described by most of the religious confessants will be regarded as psychopathic.

Mrs. Burr closes with a note of genuine, if sober, optimism.

"When men came to understand," she says, "that visions and voices, terrors and trances, belong to their 'ancient kindred,' their lower, not their higher selves, then men were plagued by them no longer; those symbols passed, and were rejected. For the work of the courageous rationalist—who to-day is the only idealist—is but begun. . . . Whatever the religious symbols of the future, at least they will not be founded on savage survivals. . . . No one who reads these records of suffering but feels his soul purged by pity and terror—pity to see his fellow-man clinging to these rejected symbols, terror to see him struggling with the slime of the pit, and knowing not with what he strives!"

No notice of this book can give an idea of the gentleness with which Mrs. Burr probes the most sensitive prejudices and convictions known to men: hers is the gentleness of the surgeon, which does not suggest irresolution. She states rather than argues. From her own study of confessions and of the cumulative data of anthropology and psychology, she has made a great synthesis. The implications of her study have the widest possible bearing, and they will sink, slowly, it may be, but with transforming permeation, into the religious heart of the age.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Vanished Messenger. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Oppenheim, in one or another of his novels, has probably imagined every possible combination of European nations leading up to the general war and the inevitable attack upon the sacred liberties of England except that which has actually come about. As a prophet, therefore, he seems to have enjoyed particularly bad luck; but as a romancer it is safe to assume that his occupation will not be gone, even though the threatened general war, on which so many of his plots hinge, has at last materialized. There is little subtlety in his method, and most of his work is of an ephemeral quality, but he tells a good exciting story in vigorous English, and at not too great length. His latest book is a capital tale of international intrigue, and as the hurricane pace at which we are carried from one adventure to another discourages any unseemly prying into the probabilities of the situation, we are content to accept Mr. Oppenheim's word for them. The messenger who vanishes is an American gentleman who is carrying word from a group of his country's financiers that they will not permit the contemplated war against England on which the other nations of Europe, including England's allies, are about to decide. The irony of the central situation, in view of what has happened, needs no comment. The villain of the piece who causes the disappearance of the messenger is a sweet-faced and white-haired, but black-hearted old gentleman, and Mr. Oppenheim makes him additionally picturesque by depriving him of both legs. The hero, a somewhat commonplace young Englishman, naturally rescues the messenger, whose inconveniences have been great, and thereby saves his country. Incidentally, he woos and wins the niece of the villain, who meets an appropriate fate.

Nothing Else Matters. By William Samuel Johnson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

You have asked me, you Five Dear Ones, to record against the forgetful years (still far ahead) certain Little Adventures, violent, vivid, yet whimsic-strange, that befell us in Paris (ah! the lost Bohème!), colouring the same, at my own proper peril, with certain Little Emotions that ached delicately in mute (but inter-gravitating) hearts.

These opening words of the author's Prelude give a taste of his style, which is consciously a style. We hardly need the frequent allusions to R. L. S. in the course of these pages to feel the Stevensonian influence, the influence, that is, of the theory that style is a dress to be invented rather than a medium to be found. Stevenson himself was real, but his fame suffers already from the artifice with which he deliberately overlaid his art. Quaintness, preciosity, pay a heavy price for their momentary successes, and, a Hewlett or a Farnol to the contrary, they are now little likely

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to please, even for the moment. The world is in one of its plain, blunt phases and demands that its story-tellers, at least, shall speak straight on. Yet, if there is anything Mr. Johnson and his Bohemians seem determined not to be guilty of, it is a simple phrase, or a straightforward thought. It is true that the supposed story-teller, Hugh Lyddon, conforms to a robust popular model in being an ex-Yale athlete. But we believe there are few Yale athletes with his fondness for odd words and tortuous fancies. "A quaint and exquisite vocabulary suddenly swam into my being like a shoal of little fish, darting, playing, leaping through waves of limpid thought. . . . Words?—it was as if a casket of jewels emptied there had quickened into the petulant, sinuous motions of piscine life." So Hugh listens to the call of verbiage while his lady "Pruina" is by his side waiting to be made love to. But they are all alike, these "Little Ones" with their elaborate system of diminutives, and their common consciousness of Genius and Art. A thread of story involving several young pairs, a handful of adventures with Apaches and others, and the destruction of a will, may be traced by the patient reader. He may be grateful, at least, that his initial sense of being once again exposed to the business of the studio, the grisette, the bock, and other dilapidated properties of Parisian Bohemia is unjustified. We believe the Quartier is not even named in these carefully ingenuous pages.

A Lad of Kent. By Herbert Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The romancer has taken up his task with a light heart, and his tale has gusto if not consistency. The lad of Kent is a young Lord whose worldly mother has disowned him and become a Duchess, and whose wicked uncle has usurped his inheritance and title. All of this we do not make sure of till the end of the book; the villany of the uncle is particularly well concealed. He is caught at last red-handed, in the act of trying for the second time to compass his nephew's death. There is no reason why he should not have brought it off at the first try except that the hero was under the author's official protection. However, he deserves it, being a very likable lad. His chief failing, shared by his chum "Monty" and several other persons in the story, is a tendency to elaborate facetiousness. One element of romance is lacking—that of "heart interest" in the sense of calf-love; no white hand is extended to our brave young gentleman from bower or lattice. The heroine, if the reader must have one, is a delightfully impossible "Captain Meg," mistress of a free-trading craft which smuggles brandy across-Channel in face of the revenue officers and the King's navy. When she is not wearing sea-boots and risking her life, she knits and drinks tea and chats mildly with the youth of Folkestone. Indeed, there is a good deal of mild chat in the book. It is clear that the author has been moved quite as much to give the flavor of English life a century ago as to tell a tale with a thrilling plot. When he does get to the point of a thrill, he inclines to hurry matters. The supreme moment, technically speaking, is that at which the hero is about to be thrown overboard, one dark night, in the middle of the Channel: "I was lifted and swung inboard. I called wildly for help; I saw to the height of the lugger; it went out of sight and the lugger rolled to my outboard swing. My end was on me, and I had turned my face seawards to meet it, when through fog a bellying sail loomed above me; a shout rang out; a large boat ranged alongside; and armed men sprang down upon us to our rescue." All in a moment! Captain Meg and her crew have arrived, of course, and all is well thereafter for the young lord.

THE ILLUSIONS OF WAR.

Arms and Industry. By Norman Angell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Even a prophet of Norman Angell's intensity would not look for such immediate verification as has followed the publication of the work before us. Six months ago the assertion that the real basis of international intercourse was economic would not have created a stir. To-day the whole of civilization has an excruciating realization of its profound truthfulness. Up to the date of Austria's ultimatum to Servia, Angell was regarded, if the world cared enough about him to regard him at all, as an unsentimental theorist; in ten days the demoralization of the world's finance and trade stamped him as a prophet.

"Arms and Industry" is a study of the foundations of international polity. The main contention is that the political ideas which at present shape the conduct and determine the attitude of one state to another in Europe, and give to international relationship its present character, are erroneous, despite their general acceptance as self-evident and axiomatic; that they are the outcome of certain abstract theories at variance with the facts. What are the tenets of the diplomatic orthodoxy here challenged? Briefly, that each unit in the society of nations is an independent entity of increasing needs and population in a world of limited space and opportunity, and that the survival of any given unit depends in the last resort upon the relative degree of physical force which it is able to exercise against competitors, whereby to impose its own or resist another's exploitation of the earth.

Nothing could be more dogmatic than Mr. Angell's assertion that, save only in a narrow judicial sense, which does not affect the vital functions of society, the nations which form the European community are not sovereign, or independent, or entities, or rival, or advantageously predatory; that the exercise or possession of the means of physical coercion does not determine the relative advantage of each; that physical coercion within their borders is not the ultimate sanction of social organization, of law and justice; that military power is irrelevant to the promotion of the aims, moral and material, postulated by diplomatic orthodoxy.

In the brute creation success of one individual may mean deprivation of another. Man has increased his means of subsistence and his chances of survival by conscious adjustment of the forces of Nature, by directing forces that would otherwise destroy him to his own ends. He turns Nature against herself. But he can only do this by reason of one fact—that he is able, by his intelligence, to create a union of forces by cooperating with his fellows. As soon as this union takes place, the coöperation of other members of his species becomes of more value to him than their disappearance or destruction. Indeed, the process of cooperation rapidly creates a condition in which, if one of two parties is to survive, both must survive; if one perishes, both perish. Thus a small but feebly coöperating population (like the Indian tribes of North America) had less of subsistence than a population many hundred times as great occupying the same space, and having only the same natural sources available, but having a much more highly developed capacity for coöperation.

The governing method of coöperation is the division of labor. That method necessarily implies interdependence. The mechanical forces created by a condition of interdependence progressively nullify the effectiveness of physical coercion. Now these two factors—the need for widespread coöperation and the decline in effectiveness of physical force as a means of obtaining services in a coöperative process of any complexity—have done two things: they have destroyed not merely the economic but the moral and intellectual unity and homogeneity of states, and they have rendered the exercise of force by one State against another, for economic, moral, or intellectual purposes, futile, because ineffective and irrelevant to the end in view. Cooperation between nations becomes essential to the very life of their peoples. But this coöperation does not take place as between states at all. A trading corporation, "Britain," does not buy cotton from another corporation, "America." A manufacturer in Manchester strikes a bargain with a merchant in Louisiana in order to keep a bargain with a dyer in Germany, and three or a much larger number of parties enter into a virtual, or perhaps actual, contract, and form a mutually dependent economic community (numbering, it may be, with the workpeople in the group of industries involved, some millions of individuals)—an economic entity, so far as one can exist which does not include all organized society. The special interests of such a community may become hostile to those of another community, but it will almost certainly not be a "national" one, but one of a like nature, say a shipping ring or a group of international bankers or Stock Exchange speculators. The frontiers of such a community do not coincide with the

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areas in which operate the functions of the state. If Britain injures America and Germany, as a whole, she injures necessarily the economic entity which it was her object to protect.

The assumption that states are economically rival, and that economic advantage accrues to the possession of political power based on military force, postulates communities capable of political and geographical limitation that are self-contained, and postulates also the effective control of the social and economic activities of similar other communities by the military force of our own. The great nations of Europe have passed out of that stage of development in which such a conception bears even a distant relation to the facts. This condition carries with it the intangibility of wealth, so far as foreign state action is concerned, because any state destroying wealth in another must destroy wealth in its own, since the unit intersects the two areas. Six months ago this might, and very likely would, have been received by the generality as negligible theory; to-day there is hardly a member of any civilized community that is not acutely aware that it is the most vital of all truths.

The perpetual tendency to abandon the social arrangement and resort to physical coercion is, Mr. Angell thinks, easily susceptible of biological explanation. To realize at each turn and permutation of the division of labor that the social arrangement was, after all, the best, demanded not merely control of instinctive actions, but a relatively large ratiocinative effort, for which the biological history of early man had not fitted him. The physical act of compulsion only required a stone axe and a quickness of purely physical movement for which his biological history had afforded infinitely long training. The more mentally motived action, that of social conduct, demanding reflection as to its effect on others and the effect of that reaction upon our own position and a conscious control of physical acts, is of modern growth; it is but skin deep; its biological momentum is feeble. Yet on that feeble structure has been built all civilization. When we remember this—how frail are the ultimate foundations of our fortress, how much those spiritual elements which alone can give us human society are outnumbered by the prehuman elements—is it surprising that those presocial promptings of which civilization represents the conquest occasionally overwhelm man, break up the solidarity of his army, and push him back a stage or two nearer to the brute creation from which he came?

The militarists concede this. Indeed, they appeal to it as the first and last justification of their policy. "All your talk will not," they say, "get over human nature; passion is bound to get the upper hand." Both parties to this controversy are, therefore, agreed as to the fundamental fact that civilization is based upon moral and intellectual elements in constant danger of being overwhelmed by more deeply rooted anti-social elements. The plain facts of history, past and present, show that where those moral elements are absent the mere possession of arms only adds to the destructiveness of the resulting welter. The difference between the civilist and the militarist is that the former believes that the moral and intellectual faculties have the best chance of surviving if we can eliminate so far as possible the chances of physical collision; while the latter holds that as men are savage, bloodthirsty creatures who, when their blood is up, will fight for nothing, for a word or a sign, we should disparage the development of all counteracting intellectual and moral forces and take every precaution to see that their capacity for damage when in that blind excitement is as great as possible—all else is chimera and useless theorizing.

In controverting the militarist, Mr. Angell employs a merciless dialectic. He has an easy way of making his opponent ridiculous. For example, Major Stewart-Murray says that "peace depends upon the armed force of the nations"; to which our author replies, "To say that 'peace depends upon the armed force of the nations' is exactly equivalent to saying that if the nations had no armies how murderously they would go to war with one another!" That, of course, is not what Stewart-Murray means; but what he does mean is just as absurd. What he wants us to understand is that peace depends upon the armed forces not being used; but if neither party resorted to armed force, the peace would not—could not—be broken.

We have Admiral Mahan's word for it that it is vain to expect nations to act consistently from any motive other than that of interest, and that the predatory instinct that he should take who has the power survives. That is the assumption of orthodox statecraft, with which is associated necessarily the further assumption that spoliation of rivals is to the interest of nations. The civilist, however, contends that an examination of the facts, of the results yielded by this general method in the case of the nations, as compared with the results yielded by a certain other method, shows this assumption to be false, mistaken, not that it is immoral — that is another story — but false when judged in the light of those motives of interest which we are told by the defenders of the system are its foundation. Sanctified common-sense, to say nothing of scientific criticism, fully sustains this view. By division of labor you have created a condition of dependence upon others, and that dependence upon others necessarily implies a limitation of the force which you can use against these others. Even in slavery, if the master is dependent upon the labor of the slaves, the force he can use against them is limited—he cannot kill them. As the division of labor increases in complexity, a progressive stultification of force takes place. The events of the last few weeks have given these words, which were uttered merely as a characterization of science, the ring of astonishing prophecy.

A HIGHLAND FEUD.

Macdonald of the Isles. By A. M. W. Stirling. New York: The John Lane Co. $4 net.

In the romantic story of the Lords of the Isles, the chronicler of Coke of Norfolk has found a congenial theme. The Hebrides have always been a haunt of romance, and of romance interwoven with the fortunes of the great Clan Donald. Here the clan spirit has prevailed in its extreme form, and, turned against itself by a division of allegiance, has given rise to a feud of unexampled bitterness, which has survived almost to our own time. In tracing the origins of the clan, the author goes back confessedly to legend and a region of dispute which there is no attempt to explore rigorously. The intention is merely to make "a plain, unvarnished tale" out of the generally accepted version of those dim and ancient events. But such a tale, in whatever sense plain and unvarnished, cannot be reduced to terms of matter-of-fact. "To eliminate the element of fantasy from such records would be not merely to reduce poetry to prose, but to rob them of their most faithful characteristics, the haunting echo of the dead centuries, the heritage of a strong people who, intrenched in their sea-girt isles, still preserve, in its pristine freshness, something of the simplicity, as well as the mystery, of their age-old past."

The Macdonalds of Sleat trace their blood to an Irish King of the second century. From his descendants emerge a MacFergus, of the ninth century, who was known as Ruler of the Isles, and, in the twelfth, one Somerled, a prodigious champion, Lord of the Isles and terror of all Scotland. From his sons sprang the great lines of Argyle, Macdonald, and Bute. To the Macdonalds fell the lordship of the Isles. The clan's bravery at Bannockburn was rewarded by the privilege, unchallenged for centuries, of taking the place of honor above all other clans, at the right of the battle-line. Our author believes it was because they were denied this right at Colloden, and therefore refused to fight, that the day was lost for Prince Charlie. Long before Colloden the Clan Donald had been divided against itself. The feud had origin, indeed, in the time of the Bruce. A Macdonald, by marrying his cousin, brought together almost all the lands which had belonged to Somerled, and which by the Scottish method of division had been gradually parcelled out. They had had three sons, when the enterprising Angus divorced his wife to marry a great-granddaughter of the Bruce. By this woman he had several sons, the eldest of whom, Donald, became Lord of the Isles. He was so recognized by his elder half-brothers at the time, but their descendants later laid claim to the lordship. They argued from the law of feudal succession, while the descendants of Donald, with greater reason, as it seems, argued from Celtic usage, which made little or nothing of primogeniture. In short, the real question is, "not who was the feudal heir

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of John of Isla, whether the eldest son of his first or of his second marriage, but to whom on his death was the Lordship of the Isles and the supreme chiefship of the Clan Donald actually transmitted in the order of Celtic succession."

The Bruce had bequeathed urgent counsel that to no one man should be permitted the entire lordship of the Hebridean Isles. It appears that Robert II did what he could to foment trouble among the members of the Clan: and it was not many years before the feud was on. How stubbornly the spirit of it has persisted is shown by a document of recent date quoted entire in this book, a document of well-nigh incredibly quaint import. It is entitled, "Letters of Certification and Agreement by and between the Chief and Captain of Clan Ranald, McDonell of Glengarry, and Macdonald of Sleat." Addressed to "the whole kin and name of Clan Donald," it solemnly agrees: that there has been long disagreement among the different branches of Clan Donald as to the supreme chiefship; that those branches have been really separate for nearly four centuries; that, while none of the chiefs of the different branches abandons his claim to the supreme chiefship of the whole race of Clan Donald, they will cease from active assertion of claims; that if more than one of them is present on any occasion, precedence shall be determined by lot; and that Macdonald of Sleat is hereafter, as a matter of compliment, to be permitted the use of the words "Of the Isles" after his name. Peace in the Hebrides, at least!

Notes

Longmans, Green & Company announce that in succession to the Fairy Book series, edited by the late Andrew Lang, they have arranged with Henry Newbolt to write for them "The Blue Book of the Sea."

Two new Juvenile series are announced by the John C. Winston Company for publication on September 1: The Alamo series, by Edward S. Ellis, and The National Pastime series, by Hugh S. Fullerton.

The Century Company will publish on September 15 "Songs for the New Age," by James Oppenheim, and "The Charmed Life of Miss Austin," by Samuel Merwin.

The following volumes are included in the autumn list of G. P. Putnam's Sons: "Frémont and '49," by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh; "The Dread of Possibility," by Emile Faguet, translated by Emily James Putnam; "Between the Old World and the New," by Guglielmo Ferrero; "The Life and Times of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt," by Arthur E. P. Weigall. The same company announces the following publications of the Cambridge University Press: "The Philosophy of Biology," by James Johnstone; "The Press and Poetry of Modern Persia," by Edward G. Browne; "The British Isles," by Frederick Mort; "The English Borough in the Twelfth Century," by Adolphus Ballard; "Bannockburn," by John E. Morris; "The Revolt and Fall of Capua" (Selections from Livy), edited by T. C. Weatherhead; "Précis-Writing," by W. Murison; "A Handbook of English," by D. B. Nicholson; "The Production and Utilization of Pine Timber in Great Britain," by E. Russell Burden and A. P. Long.

In "At the Sign of the Van," by Michael Monahan (Kennerley; $2 net), the author reprints a number of essays from his magazine, the *Papyrus*, and adds "other escapades in life and letters." The writer, it seems, deserted New York city and moved—about nine miles—to Mt. Vernon, in the same State. This removal is the subject of both verse and prose. Manhattan is disrespectfully addressed as a

> . . . City of fuss and fake,
> Where men the dollar their idol make.

There is more to the same effect, with frequent references to "the Lesbians of the pave" and all the other excrescences of the "modern Babylon." Comfortably situated in Mt. Vernon (reached easily by the New York, New Haven & Hartford or the Harlem Division of the New York Central), Mr. Monahan considers many things and records his thoughts in about sixty essays of carefully planned explosiveness.

Mr. A. R. Hope Moncrieff, the author of "A Book about Authors" (Macmillan; $3 net), declares that his worst enemy could not accuse him of having led an idle life. "What with story-books, school-books, historical and topographical books, and miscellaneous writings, under half a dozen different names, [my writings] cannot come far short of two hundred volumes, perhaps above that number, at all prices from pennies to pounds. For more than fifty years I have been an author of all work, what the contemptuous call a hack. . . . From first to last I must have shed as much ink with my own hand as there was blood in Duncan's body, or in Falstaff's." In his present work Mr. Moncrieff (one of whose favorite pen-names is "Ascott R. Hope") has written a fat and entertaining volume. The Anatomy of Authors, An Apology for Authors, The Trade of Author—these are some of his chapters. Others are devoted to publishers, editors, critics, and readers. As it is evident, from what has been quoted, that he does not take himself too seriously, it is not unkind to say that the book, though often amusing, is somehow unimportant. Frequently, in its compilation of facts about the habits of authors and similar subjects, it sounds like an amplified paragraph from *Tit-Bits*. Every one is familiar with those staccato sentences which tell us that: Pope could only write at night; Balzac preferred the early morning; Racine, when composing, wore a velvet coat; Whitman put on overalls, etc., etc. Mr. Moncrieff's book differs from this in degree, but not greatly in kind.

Those who enjoy reading Cervantes in the original have long felt the lack of a complete set of that author's works at once critical, well printed, and moderate in price. This want is now to be supplied through the generosity of Mrs. Phœbe Apperson Hearst. The edition has been entrusted to the joint editorship of Professors Schevill, of Berkeley, Cal., and Bonilla, of Madrid. The first two volumes, which have just appeared (Rodríguez, Madrid), are devoted to the pastoral romance "La Galatea." The text, based on the original edition of 1585, is by far the most critical ever offered of this little-read novel. The notes are adequate, but not burdensome. A brief introduction gives much information regarding the vogue of the pastoral genre in Spain, and "The Galatea" in particular. The beautiful typography and extremely moderate cost of this edition should give it the popularity it deserves. The only complete set of Cervantes's works in the Spanish has hitherto been the luxurious, but costly and uncritical, edition edited by Rosell, and published by Rivadeneyra a half century ago. This set, limited to 310 copies, has long been difficult to obtain. The present edition is within the reach of every purse.

The latest addition to the swelling tide of Nietzsche literature in English is a translation of four essays by Georg Brandes under the collective title of "Friedrich Nietzsche" (Macmillan; 75 cents net). Two of these essays possess considerable importance. The first, dated 1889, beginning with the words, "Friedrich Nietzsche appears to me the most interesting writer in German literature at the present time," constitutes a sort of landmark in European recognition of the German philosopher. It was the first study of any length in the whole of Europe to be devoted to him. The expression "aristocratic radicalism," which Brandes there used, called forth from Nietzsche the remark that it was the most apposite thing that had been said about him. The substance of this essay still seems remarkably fresh. The more recent study of Nietzsche has brought out some new things about his theory of knowledge, but it has been able to add very little to Brandes's lucid exposition of his ethical system or of its bearing on life and on the problems of the present age. The second essay gives in full the interesting correspondence between the two men from its inception in the autumn of 1887 to Nietzsche's mental collapse in January, 1889. The publication of the present volume in English appears fully justified on account of the peculiar interest which attaches to these two essays. There are also comparatively unimportant addenda written in 1900, the year of Nietzsche's death, and in 1909, on the occasion of the publication of the autobiographical "Ecce Homo." The translation by A. G. Chater is satisfactorily done.

An admirable guide-book to a delightful section is the Ven. W. H. Hutton's "Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country" (Macmillan; $2.00). True to its designation, the section is rather restricted, hardly covering more than what Shakespeare as a boy might conceivably have wandered into. Aside from a short chapter on the vicinity of Maxstoke Castle, the limits are from Four Shires Stone to Coventry and from Pershore to Daventry. There is for this area an unindexed map, on which the routes described in the text are indicated in red. In keeping with the leisurely atmosphere of the region traversed, not all these rambles are laid out with an eye to economizing the traveller's time and energy. The only other maps are small ones of Stratford-on-Avon and the Evesham battlefield, and in the whole book there are only two or three plots or plans. The volume is provided with an inadequate index to names of places and persons. Regrettable are some negligent errors: "The government of the town [Warwick] . . . continued to be as ordered by the charter of William and Mary

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till James II annulled the charter" (p. 84). Obviously Philip and Mary's charter was in mind. Of Shakespeare, the author remarks: "He probably returned to Stratford in 1596, the year when his father had a grant of arms" (p. 164). It is true that a draft granting the request for a coat-of-arms was drawn up in 1596—in fact, two drafts—but it was not executed. The exemplification of the shield was not furnished till 1599 in response to a renewed application. Of the Birthplace, he says: "You enter into the eastern part of the house" (p. 194). In other places the room is correctly designated as the western of the two houses known as the Birthplace. Most of these errors might have been eliminated by more heedful proofreading.

Such blemishes are the more unexpected from the competence in archæological, historical, literary, and architectural features displayed in every chapter. The Ven. W. H. Hutton, in his forty years' acquaintance with the heart of England, has gained a singularly intimate knowledge of the subject. His statements on disputed points are on the side of caution. He cannot agree with Freeman that "at Warwick the mound of the Lady of the Mercians still remains; for the castle of the Conqueror we seek in vain." He accepts the proof that the mound is Norman work, not Ethelfleda's. He warns us that "Amy Robsart . . . probably never saw Kenilworth in her life." He is properly unable to assert that Anne Hathaway's Cottage was actually inhabited by Anne's family at all. He pours gentle ridicule on the deer-stealing episode at Charlecote, and frankly gives the facts about the Birthplace, so that the reader can draw but one conclusion. His years of reading have enabled him to do more than state facts with reserve. He has culled many a quaint passage from Dugdale and other antiquarians; he has reset many a classic or local legend; he has even copied out humorous records from contemporary documents. These are woven into the texture of a style full of glints of humor. But the distinction of this guide-book is not due so much to the richness of fact which it conveys as to the deep personal interest that informs nearly every part of the description. He tells of what he has seen and enjoyed with his own eyes. Mr. Edmund H. New, a native of Evesham, accompanies the author with a delicate pencil to give an artist's impression of more than a hundred features of Shakespeare's country. For the leisurely traveller it would be difficult to prepare a more attractive or informing companion.

"The Story of Dorothy Jordan," by Clare Jerrold (Brentano's; $4 net), is the account of a popular actress whose real name was Dorothy Bland. She was born in London in 1761, and died at St. Cloud in 1816, virtually an exile from England because of the debts which misplaced confidence and business folly had created for her in England. Though she began life in poverty, she was so liberally endowed by nature that she later could earn seven hundred dollars an evening on the stage. Illegitimate herself, she gave birth to fourteen illegitimate children. For twenty years also she was the recognized mistress of the Duke of Clarence, later William IV, and ten of her children are accredited to him as Fitzclarences. Students of the drama will find some facts of interest in her life, but on the whole, the story is a sad one and unedifying. Mrs. Jerrold has told it with far greater detail and with much more accuracy than it is related by Dorothy's earlier biographers, who were more interested in currying favor with royalty than in telling the truth about a woman who, though sinning, was much sinned against. But Mrs. Jerrold would have done better if she had blue-pencilled her repetitious expressions of praise for her heroine, and of indignation against those who ungratefully enjoyed the charms and the hard-earned revenues of Mrs. Siddons's rival.

Seldom does a book succeed in enveloping a reader so deeply in an atmosphere of reality as does Thomas Mott Osborne's narrative of his experiences during his week of voluntary confinement in the Auburn prison. He calls his story "Within Prison Walls" (Appleton; $1.50 net), and he takes his reader with him as he enters the grim enclosure. Part of this effect may be due to the severely simple form of the narrative, which, with an exception or two, consists of his diary, written in his cell mornings and evenings, and couched in the present tense; but whatever the cause, the result is just that which Mr. Osborne must have hoped it might be. His "great adventure" turned out to be greater than he had anticipated, and the volume in which he has recorded it is at once a thrilling tale and a plea for radical prison reform, all the stronger for not forcing the reform note. The impressive element in the episode is the promptness and the completeness with which "Thomas Brown, No. 33,333X," won the prisoners to belief in his sincerity in living their life for a week. He did the things from which, as they had realized in advance, a man of his type would most shrink, and, without encouraging a spirit of insubordination, made them feel that he was one of them. Not all the pages of his story are sombre. The sunlight falls through the bars now and then, and occasionally there is an incident at which one must smile. But for the most part one breathes as in a narrow room.

The climax of the week, in one direction, came with a premeditated breach of the rules and sentence to the "jail." This portion of his adventure Mr. Osborne calls "A Night in Hell," and the chapter-heading does not belie the story that it introduces. Nothing in the entire book is more illuminating as to the official attitude that is bred by certain situations than Mr. Osborne's argument with the Principal Keeper for the release from the awful "jail" of a youth who is positively ill and who, having accidentally overturned his cup of water, may not have any more until the end of the twenty-four hours, for which three gills, and three gills only, are provided. The Principal Keeper is somewhat impressed by Mr. Osborne's impassioned plea, but "You see, this is Sunday; and you know we never let 'em out of jail on Sunday." Whether the recently released "Thomas Brown" would have succeeded in moving the P. K. from this apparently impregnable position by ordinary reasoning is doubtful, but something that he says in an outburst of indignation finally touches the logical spring in the P. K.'s mentality: "Why, that's true. I think you're right. We put 'em in on Sunday; why shouldn't we take 'em out?" There is no space here for more than reference to the sequel of this remarkable series of experiences, but there was a sequel in the way of finding a better method of spending Sundays and holidays than that of being locked in cells all day, and in devising means of developing the prisoners' better possibilities instead of choking them. The book makes no plea for sentimentality, but it is a powerful appeal for such a union of common-sense and sympathy in the treatment of offenders as we have not yet generally exercised.

The story of Princeton is told by Prof. Varnum Lansing Collins in the second volume of the American College and University series (Oxford University Press; $1.50 net). Although the book runs to four hundred pages, there are few that even a non-Princetonian will care to skip. The tale is told with a wealth of particulars that saves the narrative from any effect as of mere annals. From the origin of the project to the present day we are made to see the institution in its various activities, formal and informal. For the most part, the plan of the book is chronological, thus differing, and to advantage, from the first volume of this series, the one on Columbia. This plan is interrupted at the beginning of the Civil War period for a timely survey of A Century of College Life, and there are concluding chapters on the History of the Curriculum and Entrance Requirements, Buildings and Equipment, and the College Seasons. This last chapter, corresponding to the one entitled An Academic Year in the volume on Columbia, is evidently to be a feature of the series, upon which, and no less upon the way in which it has been handled in these first volumes, editor and publishers are to be congratulated. The chapter pictures the round of campus activities in order from the beginning of the summer vacation until commencement, and does much more than any other kind of record could do to impart the atmosphere of the college. There is rather more of detail regarding the history of the curriculum at Princeton than most readers will care for, but it is easy to skip when one tires of it, and in a volume of this sort a liberal policy of inclusiveness is wise.

The monograph by Agnes Arber on "Herbals" (Cambridge University Press; $3.25 net) will interest others besides professed students of botany. The herbals, which may be defined as lists and descriptions of plants and herbs, together with their properties and virtues, represent something more than a mere chapter in the history of the scientific dark ages from Aristotle to the seventeenth century, when botany was the humble handmaid of medicine. Their illustrations of plant forms, which are reproduced in profusion in the present volume, open an interesting by-path in the history of engraving on wood; and the student of literature will meet with friends of his acquaintance in the mandrake and the goose tree. Of the latter Gerard, in his "Herball" (1597), presents a picture with the birds falling into the sea, and though he admits he has not seen it, he modestly confesses to having beheld with his own eyes the generation of geese from barnacles adhering to driftwood. Literature, from the Anglo-Saxon "Riddles" to Drayton's "Poly-olbion," was loath to give up so entertaining a fiction, but among the best of the herbalists, especially the Continental scholars who shared in the quickened botanical interests of the sixteenth century, there is a vigorous skepticism concerning such marvels. For all that, William Turner, who bandied Latin with Queen Elizabeth and was one

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of the most independent of the herbalists, though he vigorously discredits the mandrake, accepts the barnacle goose. Not many of the hundred or more printed herbals in half a dozen languages here considered are likely to be found even in large libraries. Mrs. Arber not only tells their story fully and engagingly; her concluding chapters on the evolution of plant description, classification, and botanical illustration and on the doctrine of signatures are broadly grounded and ably presented.

Madame Jeanne Antelme's investigations in the Isle de France throw some light on an instance of negro slavery under French rule as well as on the truth of the story of Paul and Virginia. Without deciding the interminable dispute, she gives reasons why the story may be taken as true. As to slavery, traditions show that it was kindly in practice, although the legal code was extreme in its punishments. Death might be inflicted for horse- or cattle-stealing, as indeed was still the case in England among whites:

> When the stealer of sheep and the slayer of men
> Were strung up together again and again.

Chicken-thieving was satisfied by a whipping or, with old offenders, by branding a fleur-de-lys on the shoulder. The inhabitants of the island refused to allow a landing to the agents of the Directory who came to publish the emancipation of the slaves.

Science

Samuel Butler's "Evolution Old and New," which is now reissued by Dutton, was published in 1879. The intention was to attack the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection, and to show that a better theory of mutation and evolution existed before Darwin—in germ in Buffon and Erasmus Darwin, fully developed by Lamarck. This position is supported by numerous quotations from Charles Darwin's predecessors. What Butler objected to in Darwinian evolution was its calling itself a theory. It was, he held, merely an assertion of two rather opaque facts—nature's tireless production of variations, and the survival of organisms in which the lucky variation happens to produce itself. He reprehended more severely still Darwin's tendency to write as if Natural Selection (Survival of the Fittest) were the cause of Variation, a procedure rather worse than circular. These attacks Butler conducted with much wit and dialectical ingenuity, but in a spirit not quite worthy of him. Though his language was pretty carefully measured, his attitude towards Darwin was plainly ungenerous and a bit contemptuous. It was this that made the reviewers, among them Grant Allen and Romanes, whose abuse Butler carefully preserved in his second edition, treat him as a vulgar upstart. Darwin himself, though the critique hit at the heart of his system, quickly dropped the controversy. His position had become pontifical, and he could afford to let his cardinals do his dirty work, but we feel that he was rather influenced by a sense that his antagonist, whom he knew personally, was in a hopelessly intractable attitude. In fact, the tone of the attack is wrong. It was easy to show that Charles Darwin had neither sufficiently read nor appreciated the books of his grandfather Erasmus, but such derelictions are common in literary families. That Darwin had not done justice to Lamarck's evolutionism was patent, but insular scholarship generally has been more mindful of its own researches than of the theories of Continental predecessors. Again, it was easy to make Darwin seem disingenuous when he was merely cautious or caught in the inevitable ambiguities of written speech. Thus the anti-Darwinian polemic seems to us of slight value to-day. In fact, there is no work of Butler's that we could more readily spare from a new edition.

On the constructive side, its plea for the teleological evolution of Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck, the book is still interesting, though most of its arguments are also contained in Butler's "Life and Habit," and "Unconscious Memory." Against the postulate of blind variation, Butler, following Lamarck, held that these variations are very largely the creation of the organism itself to meet its own needs. We have an immemorial course of intelligent experimentation. Moreover, each individual, being organically part of all its ancestors, unconsciously remembers much of their experience. The instincts, thus interpreted, are merely lapsed and funded intelligence. In Butler's view the evolutionary hypothesis was already fairly complete with Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck, and what he occasionally scornfully termed Neo-Darwinism was philosophically and scientifically a retrogression. Though teleological views still find rather little favor among biologists, the most candid will admit that the question is entirely an open one. Evidently the teleological vitalism of Butler is more satisfactory to both the philosophical and the common-sense mind than is any form of mechanism. It is possible that biology may yet swing back Butler's way. If so, he will add to his multiform repute a certain position as a pioneer in scientific theory. Doubtless the orthodox scientist will be aghast at his wit and his constant appeal to common-sense. But, in the long run, after all, science must square itself with the general interests of the human mind and even accept the hazards of a common-sense tribunal.

M. Pierre Villey, who has published a book entitled "Le Monde des Aveugles" (Paris: Flammarion), has all his senses but that of sight, and hence has aroused less interest in himself than persons, like Helen Keller, suffering under heavier handicaps. His book, however, is especially valuable because he is a trained observer, if we may use that word of him, and a man of genuine scientific spirit. What he has to tell us of the world as it presents itself to those who cannot see is a real contribution to our knowledge of the subject. M. Villey begs us in the beginning to put aside the absurd notion that four senses are somehow better than five. All the wonderful tales of the superiority that blindness confers upon its victims, such as ability to distinguish colors independently of texture, to ascertain the cards that their opponents hold by the mere feel as they shuffle them, to tell from the way a horse trots that he, too, is blind—all this mass of legend only renders the path of the blind person more difficult by making his world more misunderstood. Even though he be a genius, he is, and remains, a sense short. On the other hand, M. Villey urges us, with equal fervor, not to argue from mutilated senses to a mutilated personality. The whole mind is there, waiting only for the opening of avenues between it and the world outside. What becomes, then, of the common notion that touch and hearing make haste to supply the deficiency of sight? M. Villey's answer is that any special refinement of these senses is due solely to narrowing of attention. Upon this point he offers scientific evidence. Actual measurement of Laura Bridgman's tactile sensibility showed it to be two or three times the normal; that of Helen Keller, on the contrary, which was examined, he thinks, in a more coldly scientific spirit, showed no notable superiority. In his opinion, blindness induces neither a general stupor nor a general exaltation of the remaining senses. This does not mean that blind persons, like those with sight, may not sometimes have a special acuteness in one sense or other which is instinctively utilized to its full advantage. In some instances, as with Helen Keller, everybody with whom the blind person is acquainted has a special odor as recognizable as the perfume of a flower. There is a certain Frenchman, for example, who is deaf, as well as blind, but who knows that the postman has arrived by the smell of his letter-bag on the floor next below him. The keenness with which such persons will detect changes in temperature or movements of air is familiar. Our blind and deaf Frenchman recognizes his friends by the vibrations produced by the impact of their feet on the ground.

So perfectly does the sense of touch respond to the need that we may speak of "tactile vision." In M. Villey's words: "The word *sight* alone seems adequate to those apparitions which surge through the mind, free from any admixture of purely muscular sensations." At the same time, the limitation that rests upon this substitute for seeing is indicated by his distrust of Helen Keller's assertion that she grasps the meaning of sculpture through the medium of touch. Just here, too, lies a practical danger for the blind person in search of a living. The very readiness with which his other senses endeavor to fill the gap caused by sightlessness makes people less sharply aware of how great that handicap still remains. Every blind person, in the common opinion, is a potential musical genius. How different from this view is M. Villey's summary of his investigations into the way in which the blind get along as bread-winners! Often, he finds, there is a "conspiracy of benevolence" without which the supposedly successful blind mechanic could not exist. Sometimes there is marked talent for particular work, which is not the lot of the ordinary person, blind or seeing. More striking still, he found virtually no case in which a blind mechanic, famous for his skill, could work fast enough to earn his living. The prospect is more hopeful in less skilled employment, in which special training may offset the advantage of those with sight. But the problem, in great part, is unsolved. It is not enough, as T. M. Kettle points out in the *British Review*, to spend benevolently. We must spend intelligently. In this respect, it is not too much to say that our own country is making a worthy record. Men and women of the stamp of Miss Winifred Holt are showing that the spirit of Howard and Shaftesbury, of Elizabeth Fry and Octavia Hill, is flourishing in undiminished brightness in our own day. But we shall not be doing enough until we have enlarged the world of the blind far beyond its present narrow boundaries.

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Drama and Music

A TWIN AND NO TWIN.

Beaumont, the Dramatist: A Portrait, with some account of his circle, Elizabethan and Jacobean, and of his association with John Fletcher. By Charles Mills Gayley. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

A good deal has been done in recent decades, especially from the point of view of versification and diction, to distinguish the respective shares of Beaumont and Fletcher in the plays which former generations were contented to accept as the productions (to employ Professor Gayley's phrase) of "an indivisible pair of Siamese twins, constructing with all four hands at once." In the present work, however, we have the most complete and searching investigation of this subject that has been made—with full utilization, of course, of the results of previous scholars. The solution of this problem is the indispensable preliminary to a study of Beaumont, and accordingly, after first determining the plays in which this dramatist had a hand, Professor Gayley tries to establish in each case, as far as is possible, the scenes or parts of scenes that come from Beaumont's pen. From this definite basis he proceeds to an analyis of the dramatic genius of his author. Following is a list of the plays which, according to Professor Gayley, are wholly or partly by Beaumont: "The Woman-Hater" (wholly his, except that a few scenes were revised by Fletcher), "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" (wholly his), "Cupid's Revenge," "The Scornful Lady," "The Maid's Tragedy," "A King and No King," "Philaster," and "The Coxcomb." This does not include the "Masque of the Inner Temple," which is by Beaumont alone. It will be observed that Professor Gayley's list is shorter than that of G. C. Macaulay by five plays, viz., "Four Plays in One" (in which, perhaps, there is a mere trace of our dramatist), "The Captain," "Thierry and Theodoret," "Wit at Several Weapons," and "The Knight of Malta."

In the separation of the work of the collaborators, the style and dramatic methods of Fletcher have to be deemed as well as those of Beaumont. The book is, consequently, almost as important for the study of the former as of the latter, although the later period of Fletcher's activity, of course, does not come within the scope of the inquiry. With the exception of Swinburne, the critics have been inclined to regard Fletcher as the more significant genius of the two. Professor Gayley's fine analysis of Beaumont's genius, however, based upon a rigorous separation of the respective shares of the two poets in their joint-dramas, will go far, we believe, towards redressing the balance in the latter's favor. He brings out with particular clearness the greater purity and elevation of Beaumont, and shifts to Fletcher's shoulders the main responsibility for the moral obtuseness and cynicism that constitute a reproach to so much of their joint work. This moral superiority appears especially in the girl-figures that Beaumont contributed to these plays—the Bellarios, Violas, and others, whose loves are crossed by circumstances or thwarted by differences of rank. "In the delineation of lust he is frankly Elizabethan rather than insidiously Jacobean." Moreover, as Professor Gayley says justly, in the main, "he is melodramatic at times in sudden shifts of crisis; but he is uniformly sensitive to innocence, beauty, and pathos—contemptuous of cowardice, braggadocio, and insincerity—appreciative of fidelity, friendship, noble affection, womanly devotion, self-sacrifice, and mercy, of romantic enterprise and of the virile defiance of calumny, evil soliciting, and tyranny." The writer's discussion of the moral aspects of Beaumont's genius takes in part the form of an answer to the criticisms of Mr. Paul E. More in this journal (November 14, 1912; April 24, May 1, 1913). He is successful in showing that Fletcher is in largest measure responsible for those features of the plays which are the especial object of Mr. More's strictures, and, furthermore, that the decadence of the Elizabethan drama had already begun in Heywood, Chapman, Marston, and Middleton before the famous partners appeared. On the other hand, even after reading Professor Gayley's pages of rebuttal, the "Maid's Tragedy" (which is, of course, Beaumont's alone, with the exception of a few scenes) still seems to us, in Mr. More's phrase, an "incomprehensible tangle of the passions," and leaves us with the impression that Beaumont, though exempt from the grosser defects of his fellow-dramatist, was infected with the moral contagion of the age more deeply than our author will allow. Indeed, he would hardly have associated himself in a constant partnership with Fletcher, if this had not been the case, for their joint-plays were, of course, produced with his approval, even where the workmanship was largely Fletcher's.

On the side of technique in these joint-plays, it is interesting to note that in addition to their clear and comprehensive expositions Professor Gayley attributes to Beaumont "the sensational reversals of fortune, as well as the cumulative suspenses and reliefs of the closing scenes" in the tragedies and tragi-comedies, and "the shifting of interest from the strictly tragic and universal to the more individual—pathetic, romantic, and comic—emotions" in the tragi-comedies. Furthermore, he makes it plain that "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" owes nothing to "Don Quixote." On the other hand, some of the most valuable pages in this volume are devoted to the refutation of the view which has been championed by Prof. A. H. Thorndike, that "Philaster" determined the character of Shakespeare's production in his last period. Professor Gayley, rightly in our judgment, argues that the distinctive features of "Cymbeline" and the rest are a natural development from Shakespeare's earlier plays. "There is closer resemblance between 'Cymbeline' and half a dozen of Shakespeare's earlier comedies than between 'Cymbeline' and 'Philaster,' and it might more readily be shown that the author of 'Philaster' was indebted to those half-dozen plays than Shakespeare to 'Philaster.'"

We have been dealing so far only with Part II of this book. Part I is concerned with Beaumont's life, his acquaintances, and his career as poet and dramatist. There are no new facts here brought to light, but by a minute study of the poet's family and its connections and of the local and other conditions under which he grew up and practiced his art, Professor Gayley has been able to make him a living figure as he has never been before. In fine, apart from its learning, this work displays literary abilities of no mean order. It escapes altogether the reproach of the "whitey-brown" style which, according to Mr. Oliver Elton, is characteristic of American academic productions. The author is not only thoroughly informed at every point in regard to his subject, but he has imagination, and his criticism is marked by the warmth and color of a fine humanity. He has added substantially to our knowledge of a body of work which, next to that of Shakespeare, constitutes the most important contribution to the English drama in the period of its greatest glory, and if any one should persist hereafter in confounding these memorable dramatists, it will be due to neglect of this admirable "portrait."

"ON TRIAL."

The end of detective plays, it appears, is not yet. One might have fancied that the popular relish for this type had been exhausted by the busy parade of revolvers, secret service men, district attorneys, and all the mechanical appurtenances of detectiveness which was offered by last season's bills. But in "On Trial," which is running at the Candler Theatre, the author, Mr. Elmer L. Reizenstein, has produced a novelty. The story itself is nothing new. The defendant has murdered a man who in some way has wrecked his home. So much is clear at the outset of the trial, which is represented on the stage with much attention to realistic details. But the matter is complicated by a theft of ten thousand dollars perpetrated at the house of the victim almost simultaneously with the murder. Hence the problem to determine the defendant's motive. If it was burglary, the jury will grant him no mercy; they will show pity if it was to revenge himself for brutal wrongs done to his wife.

The novelty of the representation consists in the manner in which the story is unfolded to the audience. When the trial has reached a certain stage, the lights go out, the scene is suddenly shifted, and we see the dead man come to life and behold the murder reëacted. Later, by a similar transformation, we are carried back thirteen years to a time when the defendant's wife, then a young thing of seventeen years, is ruined by the villainous victim. And so on. There is a continual seesawing back and forth between courtroom and the events preliminary to the murder.

At least, the author cannot be charged with

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having left his audience uninformed; indeed, in this respect he has probably shown the greatest scrupulousness on record. What though the reader of this review is shocked by the manipulation of the time-element in the play! The audience was evidently not displeased with this, as who should be whose dramatic conceptions have been formed by cinema sketches wherein, as every one knows, the present easily melts into past dreams and past experiences! In this respect "On Trial" is significant. It may indicate a growing influence of the cinema upon other drama, and a very unwholesome influence. The chief hope is that by so wholesale a throwing over of the usual dramatic standards there may in time result a *reductio ad absurdum*, together with a return to the limitations of true art. F.

Writing from Paris a few days before the outbreak of the war, C. Phillips Vierke says, in *Musical America*, that "the music going on in Paris just now consists of 'La Marseillaise,' the 'Sambre-et-Meuse March,' 'Le Chant du Départ,' and 'En Avant les Petits Gars!' In a word, nobody is interested in anything but the war, and the ultra-patriotic people in the crowd have been combating the agitations of the anti-militarists—who are stronger than is generally supposed—by the singing at street riots of the above-mentioned tunes."

An amazing suggestion regarding the unfortunate Paris Opéra has been made by the editor of *Le Monde Musical*. "The Opéra can live," he says, "and live very well, without any kind of subvention. All that is necessary is that it should be equipped like the Monte Carlo Opéra, and all the operatic theatres of resorts, such as Enghien, Vichy, Dieppe, Aix-les-Bains, etc., with a gambling casino. And why not? Moral objections? Why should not what is moral on a race course and in authorized private clubs be regarded as moral at the Opéra? Gambling is much less immoral—in any case, much less dangerous—than alcoholism, from which the state realizes a huge income."

Berliners will not be afflicted with as many concerts next season as they were during the musical year which closed just before the outbreak of the war, when 1,262 had been given. Vienna came next, with 603 concerts, followed by Munich, with 418; Hamburg, with 351; Dresden, with 309; Leipzig, with 295; Frankfurt, with 212; Breslau, with 183; Prague, with 160; Stuttgart, with 122. In Hamburg no fewer than 57 of 68 song recitals were given by women. Evidently, other forces besides war are at work in gradually eliminating men from musical fields—excepting, for a time at any rate, teaching, orchestral playing, and composition. The growing scarcity of men may make it necessary once more, as in the days of Bellini, to have female Romeos.

Frederick Niecks, best known outside of Great Britain as the biographer of Chopin, has resigned the professorship of music at the University of Edinburgh to which he was appointed in 1891. He is sixty-five years old. The Reid chair of music which he occupied so long is an unusually complete professorship. There are separate endowments for the professor's salary, the [illegible] his assistants, and his class expenses. There is also a fund for an annual series of high-class concerts.

Art

A "SACRAMENTAL AGENCY."

The Ministry of Art. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

In this book are gathered together seven addresses delivered upon various occasions by the author, who is widely known as a talented and successful architect, but who from this time forward must be looked upon also as a talented and successful lecturer. He has a remarkable command of exuberant language, and an enthusiasm of exposition that compels the eager attention of his hearers, even when he attacks without mercy their cherished ideals. Yale asks him to speak on The Place of the Fine Arts in Public Education, and listens to a fierce attack upon the principles she proudly claims to embody; yet she is so fascinated by him that she does not hesitate to cry for more, and he generously again speaks to her students of The Artist and the World, repeating his violent denunciations of what Yale stands for. The Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church calls for an address, and in his Ministry of Art he heaps obloquy upon all that Protestantism involves. The American Institute of Architects, which is dominated by those in sympathy with the traditions of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, listens with joy to his denunciations of everything that pertains to the Renaissance; and then proceeds to elect him president of its Boston Chapter, and to make him the mouthpiece for its Committee on Education. Even the conservative Royal Institute of British Architects calls for him, eager to be stimulated by his words, after having listened to what he himself describes as the "penetrating and comprehensive paper" from Mr. Edward Warren, of London.

Had Mr. Cram been well advised he would have left the matter there. One may accept without cavil, from a rapid and interesting speaker, words that seem extravagant and unconvincing to one who reads with deliberation; and the friends of our author who have urged him to publish these addresses cannot but regret that he was induced to succumb to their solicitations. For when we read the book with care we find it a congeries of mystical rhapsodies, of violent attacks upon all with which he is not in sympathy, and of exaggerated praise of all that fires his own highly inflammable imagination.

The unsophisticated reader might indeed be led to believe that there had been little true art anterior to the Middle Ages, and none then but the Gothic of France. He certainly would be entertained, if not convinced, by the violent attack upon the "strange madness we call the Renaissance" (p. 67 f.); but the worst of it is that he might, by chance, be convinced. For our author speaks with such an air of historical authority that one might easily fail to note that he is picking his examples to support his contentions, apparently quite unconscious that he is indulging in the most vicious of special pleading. His statements that our present situations are without counterparts in the past (pp. 24 to 27, 81), and his firm conviction (p. 48) that there is a "great rhythm of human life that is the underlying force of history . . . which seems to divide itself into epochs of about five centuries," will certainly amuse the real student of history.

With equal confidence our author speaks of matters philosophical; although it is clear that his studies in this field have been limited, and largely influenced by his interest in the Middle Ages, and in modern days by men whom he has heard in Boston, "James, Eucken, Bergson—the last the greatest figure, perhaps, since St. Thomas Aquinas" (p. 52). Nevertheless he does not hesitate to give us bits of supposed philosophical insight: speaking (p. 76) of "the basic principle of the Renaissance, 'there is no mystery'"; and closing his essay on Art the Revealer with these high-sounding words: "'Man is the measure of all things,' said Protagoras, and with equal truth we can say, art is the measure of man." That he is not competent to speak authoritatively in the realm of theoretical æsthetics is clear; yet, after quoting a definition from one of the less significant students of this difficult subject, he dares to characterize it as "surely the most grotesque example of serene incapacity anywhere recorded in that congeries of incapacities, the literature of æsthetics" (p. 109).

But we must not allow the reader of this review to suppose that Mr. Cram's book is without its interesting presentations of truth; even his criticism, although exaggerated and often ill-founded, must be salutary in awakening from their "dogmatic slumber" those whom he attacks. Nor must we forget the spirit that urges him on. For our author evidently feels himself a prophet of a great movement. He believes that the supporters of the Gothic restoration are missionaries (p. 62); and, somewhat after the manner of Tolstoy, that art, as he conceives it, is a "sacramental agency" (*e. g.*, pp. xi, 97). So, after all, we must not allow ourselves to take too seriously the self-confidence of partial knowledge he displays; for the true prophet is allowed to use any tool that may come to hand. The question only remains, Is he a true prophet?

In "Small Country Houses, Their Repair and Enlargement" (Scribner; $5 net), the author, Lawrence Weaver, gives so large a portion of the text to descriptions of mere alterations, and of the trials and tribulations of the remodelling architect, that the book might be tedious and uninteresting but for the frequent reference to historical associations. In any event, the attractive illustrations, particularly of interiors, are delightful and well repay the perusal of one who "reads between the lines," *i. e.*, skips the text and reads the pictures, as so many of the author's profession say they do. His high commendation of the British Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings for its well-directed activity is interesting and suggestive to us on this side of the water; and he gives some sound advice, as, for instance (p. 32), "It is rarely worth while to play with an old building, and face all the restrictions of planning

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which that involves, unless the additions to be made are relatively small."

In "Architecture and the Allied Arts: Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Romanesque, and Gothic" (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill; $3.50), a handsomely printed and weighty volume, Prof. Alfred M. Brooks, of the University of Indiana, has written a book which proves on examination to be an elementary history of mediæval architecture, with a few very brief excursions upon the allied arts, which mean, in this case, chiefly sculpture. There is in the text nothing that might not have been prepared as lectures to freshmen or sophomores in college; one looks in vain for originality or novelty in either the views of the author or his presentation of them; he nowhere ventures aside from the well-beaten paths of criticism of the old and standard writers, and there is little suggestion of individual judgment, or of any personal acquaintance with or impressions from the great buildings he describes. Mention of the allied arts might well have been omitted from the cover and title page, as the references to them are singularly meagre. The splendid mosaics of early Christian and Byzantine art, the marble inlays of mediæval Italy, the Gothic choir stalls and tabernacle-work, the development of stained glass and mural painting—all these subjects are either wholly ignored or receive only passing allusion. The illustrations are generally excellent, but scattered in a confusing way, with neither textual nor numerical sequence. Fig. 62 is followed by Fig. 50, and that by Fig. 66, and so on through the book. A plan of the octostyle pseudo-dipteral temple of Selinus is given in Fig. 9 (following Fig. 35!) as a plan of the Parthenon.

Finance

"FOREIGN RAW MATERIALS."

When war broke out in Europe, four weeks ago, the first feeling that prevailed in all our markets was one of intense satisfaction at the advantage possessed by the United States over all the world. Sudden consternation over the war embargo on the shipping industry made up the next chapter in the mood of our own community. When the breaking of that deadlock was beginning to come in sight, one home trade after another was all at once heard from, with the surprisingly general testimony to the fact that some one essential raw material of its manufacture, produced in Continental Europe and now cut off by war, would presently be unobtainable, thereby bringing the home manufacture itself to a standstill.

The extraordinary thing about this simultaneous discovery by many separate trades was that the menace of forced suspension of production came at the very moment when the war seemed to have opened up new and profitable outlets for American finished goods. At first, it was only the steel trade and the textile industry; the one had been buying ferro-manganese from Germany, the other had relied almost entirely on the German chemists for the dyes which gave the requisite colors to its fabrics. But the startled outcry from these two trades was only the beginning. The electrical industry was presently heard from, with the word that the platinum supply from the Ural Mountains was cut off, and that certain carbons and metal filaments, made by German manufacturers and essential for the arc-light, could not be obtained after existing supplies on hand in the United States were used up.

The drug and chemical trades were as quick in coming into view; an astonishing number of indispensable materials for these industries appeared to have their single source of production in Germany. Emphasizing the situation, one large retail firm in New York received notice from a German wholesale drug distributer doubling the price on 1,000 articles supplied by it. Drug dealers here trebled their price of such products as citric acid, tartaric acid, carbolic acid, gum camphor, and dandelion root, and warned consumers of an impending failure of supplies. In quick succession, the same word came from manufacturers of glass, soap, matches, artificial fertilizer, gunpowder. In all these industries, potash is an essential raw material. Natural potash is a German monopoly, and with war begun, the supply was necessarily absolutely blockaded.

Misgiving spread after this to the manufacturers of photographic materials, because of the prospective embargo on German-made oxalic acid. Then the glove, shoe, and hat trades had their turn; nobody outside these trades had suspected to what extent they depended on Continental Europe for their particular kinds of material. Even certain kinds of felt roofing were drawn into the dilemma, for the curious reason that the rags from which it has been made are imported from Belgium. As a highly interesting climax, London raised the alarm over the Transvaal gold mines—the last of all places to be suspected in this case. These, like our own Rocky Mountain gold mines, extract the precious metal by the cyanide process, and cyanide of potassium, again a by-product of German potash, was about to be cut off.

What is to be said of this new and extraordinary turn in the situation? Are these trades, each with a fair chance of expanding its business into neutral markets relinquished by the fighting European states, to sit down despondently and give up production? The chemists and working experts smiled quietly at the suggestion, and presently it began to be pointed out that of all these various raw materials entering into the trades enumerated above, there is not one that is an absolute monopoly with Europe. Dyestuffs and acids can be extracted from American coal-tar as well as from the coal-tar of Europe; what is required is the effort and the enterprise. Manganese ores are in sufficient supply in this country, in India, and South America to keep the steel trade going—already the per-ton price of this commodity has fallen from $150 to $100 a ton, after rising in a week from $38 to $150. Potash is manufactured in this country, though it costs more than the natural product, cyanide may be extracted from it here, and, as for hats, shoes, gloves, and rags, substitution of domestic for European material is easy if not convenient. Platinum may be a problem; yet we are not cut off from the Ural Mountains, and the Siberian Railway is not this year being used for mobilizing armies. Carbons we are perfectly able to make at home.

Why, then, all of this stir and commotion over the "embargo on raw material"? There are two main explanations. One is, that in the first alarm, the purely temporary obstruction of all shipping communications, due to the presence of German cruisers on the ocean and to the deadlock in foreign exchange, was confused with the much more serious obstruction of access to Central Europe. The other is, that American manufacturers had grown lazy, and allowed their chemists to be distanced by the patient experts to whom the German Government—which now is so recklessly diverting its energies from construction to destruction—had for years given every possible encouragement.

Perhaps the justifiable conclusion will be, that the extraordinary commercial incidents of the war will teach our business community more lessons than one. If men learn, as a result of this year's experience, how to provide their own shipping facilities, they may also learn how to utilize their own home products and the ingenuity of their own home experts, to provide the small materials of manufacture whose production they have been surrendering to Europe.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Atherton, Gertrude. Perch of the Devil. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.
Battersby, H. F. P. The Uncertain Glory. Lane. $1.30 net.
Edwardes, T. Tansy. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Fielding-Hall, H. Love's Legend. Holt. $2.50 net.
Findlater, Mary. Tents of a Night. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Flecker, J. E. The King of Alsander. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Hine, Muriel. The Man with the Double Heart. Lane. $1.30 net.
Norris, Kathleen. Saturday's Child. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Paine, R. D. The Wall Between. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Richmond, Grace S. The Twenty-fourth of June. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.
Stockley, Cynthia. Wild Honey. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Sullivan, F. W. Children of Banishment. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Trevena, John. Granite. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.35 net.
Wallace, Dillon. The Gaunt Gray Wolf. F. H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Call, W. T. A Plea for Shakespeare and Whitman. Brooklyn: Wm. T. Call. 50 cents.
Chambers's English Dictionary. Edited by Rev. Thomas Davidson. Enlarged Edition. Phila.: Lippincott.
Cook, A. S. Some Accounts of the Bewcastle Cross. Holt & Co.
Elliot, Frances. Old Court Life in Spain. Vols. I and II. Putnam. $5 net.
Walker, Hugh. The Literature of the Victorian Era. Cambridge: University Press.

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RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Dresser, H. W. The Religion of the Spirit in Modern Life. Putnam. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Emerick, C. F. Struggle for Equality in the United States. Reprinted from Popular Science Monthly.

Bailward, W. A. Recent Developments of Poor Relief. London: P. S. King & Son. 6d.

Lawson, John D. American State Trials. Vol. I. St. Louis: F. H. Thomas Law Book Co.

Papers and Proceedings of the Washington Conference. Washington: American Library Association.

The Lumber Industry. Part IV. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Scott, J. B. Status of the International Court of Justice. Nos. 15 and 16. Baltimore: American Society for Judicial Settlement of International Disputes.

Vinogradoff, P., and Morgan, E. Social and Economic History of England and Wales. Volume I. Oxford University Press. 16s. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Correspondence respecting the European Crisis. London: T. F. Unwin. 9d.

Kohl, C. C. Claims as a Cause of the Mexican War. New York University.

Pickard-Cambridge, A. W. Demosthenes and the Last Days of Greek Freedom. Putnam.

SCIENCE.

Chamberlin, T. C., and Salisbury, R. D. Introductory Geology. Holt & Co.

Jones, R. H. Experimental Domestic Science. Phila.: Lippincott.

Newell, L. C. General Chemistry. Part I. Heath & Co.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Sonneck, O. G. T. The Star Spangled Banner. Washington: Government Printing Office.

ART.

The Art of the Book. John Lane Company. $3 net.

JUVENILE.

Pogany Toy Books: Robinson Crusoe. Red Riding Hood. Hiawatha. The Three Bears. The Children at the Pole. Holt. 50 cents each.

TEXTBOOKS.

Bolenius, E. M. The Teaching of Oral English. Phila.: Lippincott.

Davis, R., and Lingham, C. H. Business English and Correspondence. Ginn & Co. $1.

Day, G. E. Productive Swine Husbandry. Phila.: Lippincott.

Gay, C. W. Productive Horse Husbandry. Phila.: Lippincott.

Lewis, Homer P. Lippincott's Fifth Reader. Phila.: Lippincott.

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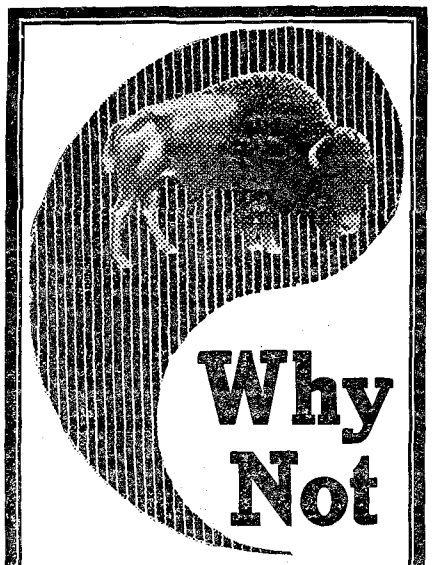

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